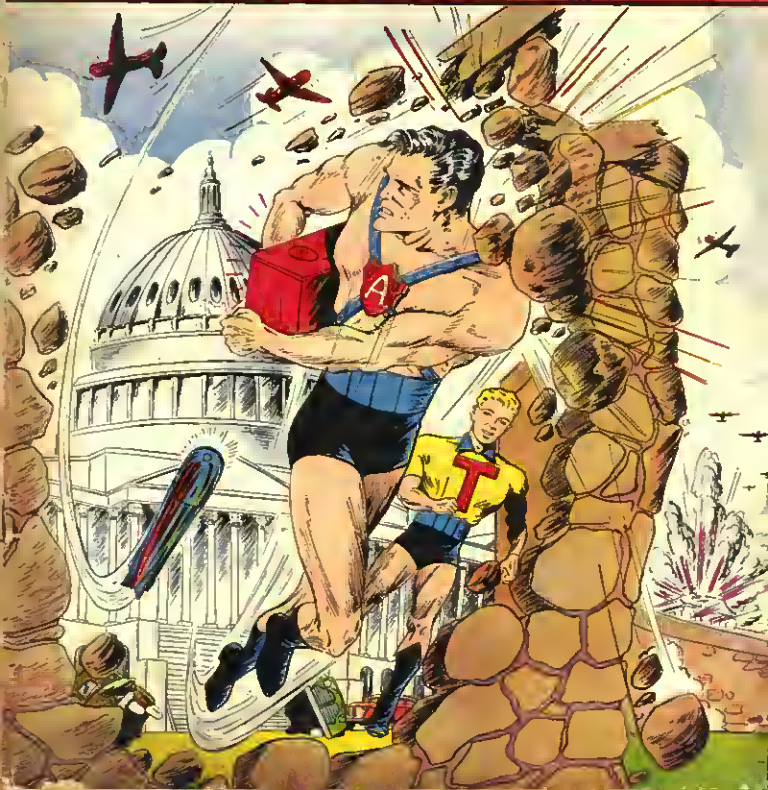


No. 23

AUGUST
10¢

AMAZING-MAN COMICS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FIREWORKS Oh Boy!

THINK OF IT! An assortment of over 605 pieces of fireworks worth \$6.15, for \$2.95 cash with order. We have the famous "ZEBRA" flash crackers, World's loudest, 100 FREE aalutes with every order... Free catalog.

BANNER FIREWORKS Box 113-A, W. Toledo, Ohio

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Comic Corporation of America now publishes THREE comic magazines for your entertainment and enjoyment—you're bound to like every one of them:

AMAZING MAN COMICS

Your old favorite with new features! Twenty-four pages about AMAN, THE AMAZING MAN, in new, more thrilling adventures than ever before—plus MIGHTY MAN, MINIMIDGET and a host of new stories!

STARS & STRIPES COMICS

A new magazine with old favorites—THE SHARK, THE IRON SKULL, REEF KINCAID, etc.—plus new thrillers like BLACK PANTHER and DR. SYNTH—hours of thrills and chills galore!

LIBERTY SCOUTS COMICS

Featuring the LIBERTY SCOUTS, described below:

At Your Newsstand—
10c A Copy!

CURRENT CONTESTS

MILLIONS of dollars are given away each year as prizes in contests and thousands upon thousands of people share in this wealth. But, most contests are aimed at grown-ups—mother is asked to write a 25-word statement on why she likes a certain brand of shortening—dad is asked to write a 25-word statement on why he smokes this or that kind of cigars—and boys and girls are given very little opportunity to capture prizes without competing with older folks. Now, however, we have received news about a contest which only those up to 16 years of age may enter—a contest which rewards you for straight shooting and straight thinking—a contest with swell prizes which everyone can use. Here are the details about this contest:

The DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 977 Union Street, Plymouth, Mich., will award 210 prizes in a combination Shooting-Statement Contest, open to anyone up to and including 16 years of age. Each contestant must first shoot at an Official Target, then complete the sentence "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . ." in twenty additional words or less in the space provided on the Official Target. Official entry blanks are obtainable at dealers selling Daisy Air Rifles. First and Second Prize is a two weeks' All-Expense-Paid Trip to Red Ryder's Rocky Mountain Rancho in Colorado. Other prizes include: Recordio Jr. Home Recorder-Radio-Phonographs (all in one), Daisy Targeteer Pistol Outfits, and Horse-Head Gun Brackets. Full details are given elsewhere in this magazine. Contest closes midnight, July 25, 1941, and all entries must be received by that date.

If you would like us to continue giving you news about contests for boys and girls let us know and we'll be glad to do so. Just drop a postcard to: Uncle Joe, Suite 1905, 215 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y., and tell us what you think of this new feature.

HEY PALS!!! THEY'RE HERE! STRUT, SMOKEY & SKIPPER— LIBERTY SCOUTS



Meet STRUT—who can fly like a hawk, the most daring ace in the whole U.S.A.—his plane is a man-ridden rocket, a hurricane of speed!

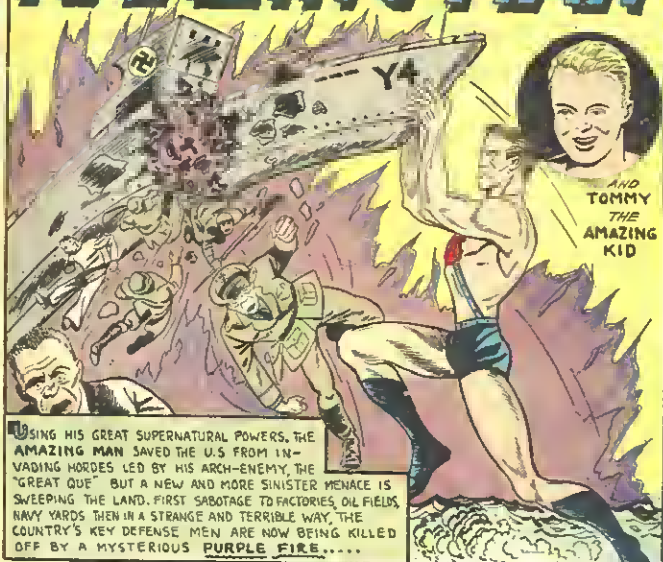
Meet SMOKEY—the world's most brilliant scientist and inventor—whose marvelous tank can travel at top speed over both land and water, and carries armor-piercing guns, special gas bombs, and a fully equipped workshop!

Meet SKIPPER—who swims like a fish and is the best sailor in the seven seas—whose super-submarine, an ocean-going arsenal, is far faster than any other ship above or below water!

Meet all three LIBERTY SCOUTS—in the pages of the brand new LIBERTY SCOUTS COMICS—now on sale at your newsstand! They're three brothers, specially trained by their dad for service in the defense of the U.S.A. You'll get the thrill of a lifetime when you read how they defeat an overwhelming enemy force which threatens invasion of our Country! Don't miss this great story about American patriots—plus other features like "MAN OF WAR," "VAPO-MAN," "FIRE-MAN," and "DOPEY DAY"—they are all in the pages of LIBERTY SCOUTS COMICS!

Get a Copy of LIBERTY SCOUTS COMICS at the Newsstand TODAY!

THE AMAZING-MAN



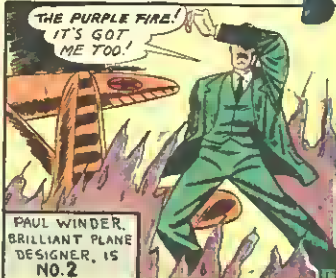
AND
TOMMY
THE
AMAZING
KID

USING HIS GREAT SUPERNATURAL POWERS, THE AMAZING MAN SAVED THE U.S FROM IN-VADING HORDES LED BY HIS ARCH-ENEMY, THE "GREAT QUE" BUT A NEW AND MORE SINISTER MENACE IS SWEEPING THE LAND. FIRST SABOTAGE TO FACTORIES, OIL FIELDS, NAVY YARDS THEN IN A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE WAY, THE COUNTRY'S KEY DEFENSE MEN ARE NOW BEING KILLED OFF BY A MYSTERIOUS PURPLE FIRE.....

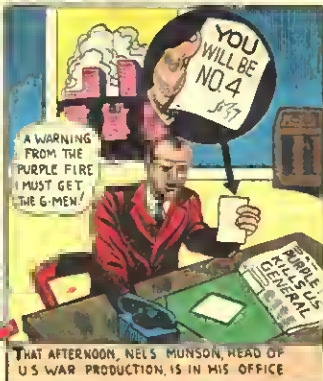
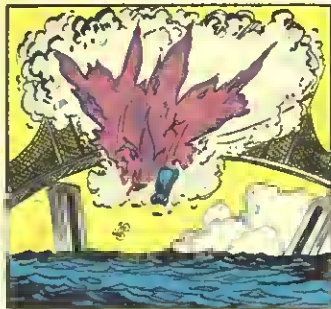
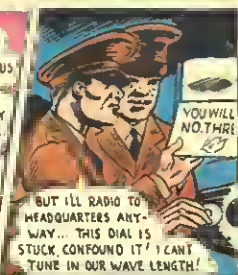
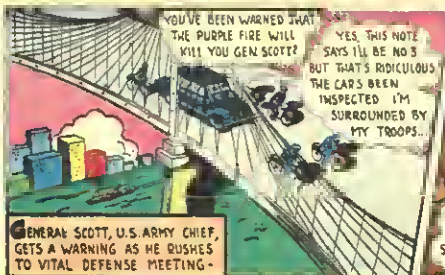
DR. NEDSON FAMOUS SCIENTIST, IS NO. 1



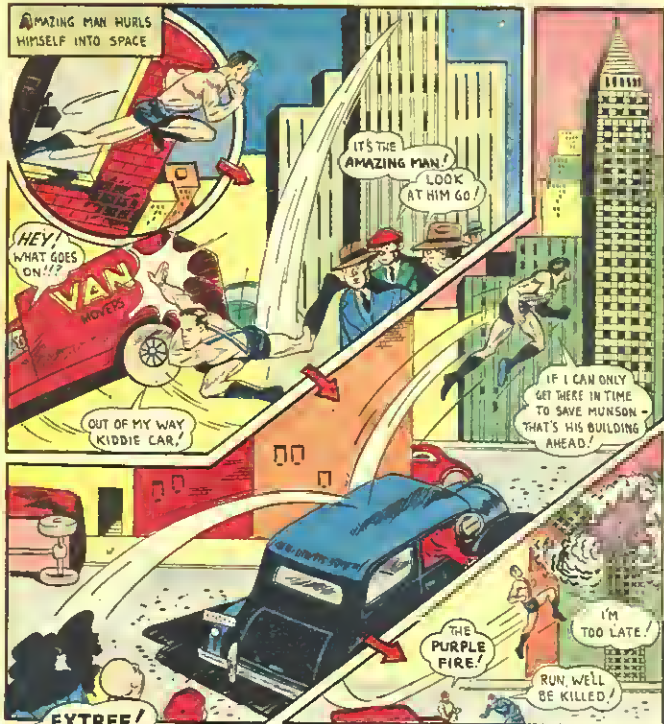
THE PURPLE
FIRE!



PAUL WINDER,
BRILLIANT PLANE
DESIGNER, IS
NO. 2



AMAZING MAN HURLS
HIMSELF INTO SPACE

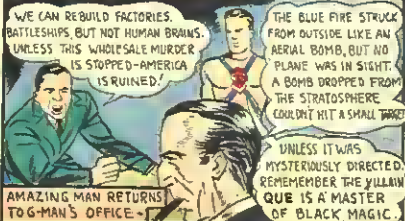


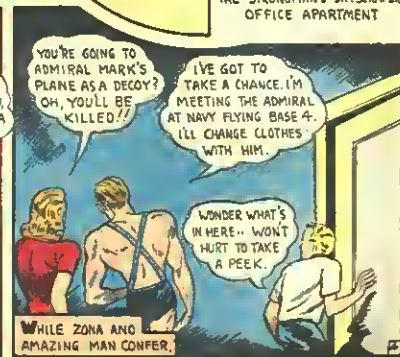
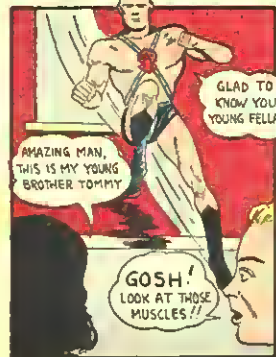
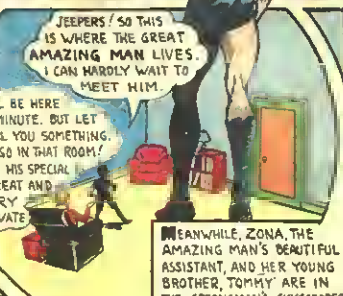
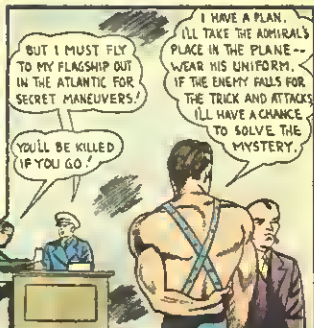
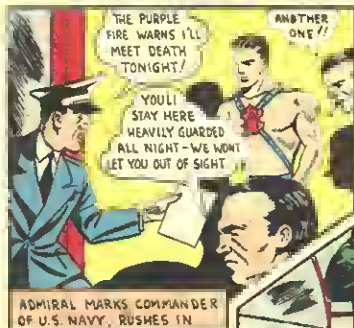
EXTREE!

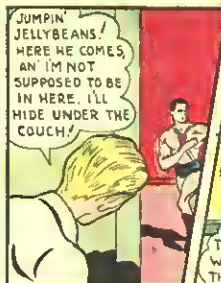
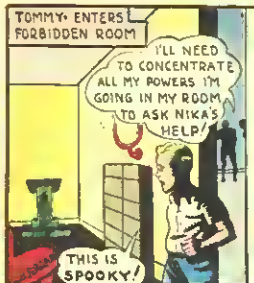
MUNSON MURDERED
BY PURPLE FIRE!!
EXTREE!!



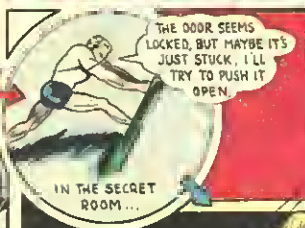
BUT BEFORE AMAZING MAN REACHES MUNSON'S...



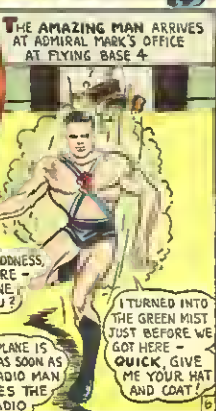
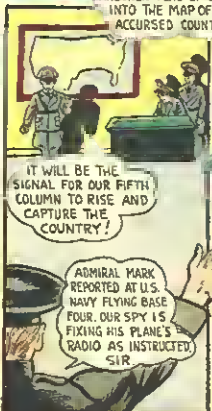
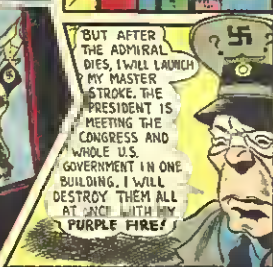
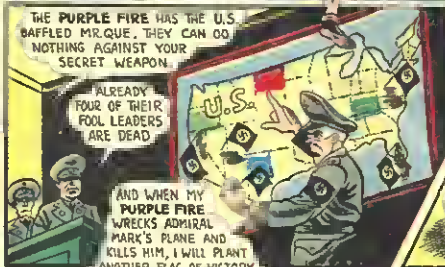
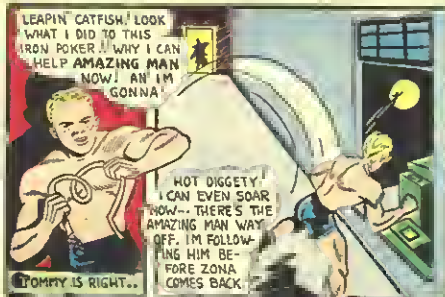




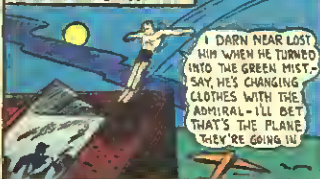
THE WEIRD CHANT INSTANTLY SUMMONS NIKA, HEAD OF THE MYSTIC COUNCIL OF 12.



I JUST GAVE A LITTLE PUSH AND BLASTED RIGHT THRU, AND GOSH, LOOK AT MY BIG MUSCLES! WHY I'M ALMOST LIKE THE AMAZING MAN! SAAAY, I WONDER IF THOSE FUNNY RAYS GAVE ME SUPER STRENGTH!



A MOMENT LATER TOMMY LANDS ON THE ROOF



I DARN NEAR LOST HIM WHEN HE TURNED INTO THE GREEN MIST. SAY, HE'S CHANGING CLOTHES WITH THE ADMIRAL - I'LL BET THAT'S THE PLANE THEY'RE GOING IN

THAT RADIO WILL DO THE TRICK ALL RIGHT - I'LL TELL EM THEY CAN TAKE OFF



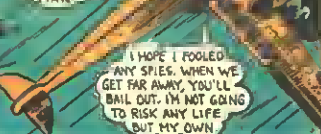
SOON'S THIS GUY LEAVES, I'LL DUCK INTO THE SHIP AND HIDE. I'M GOING TO HELP THE AMAZING MAN!

TOMMY CARRIES OUT HIS PLAN



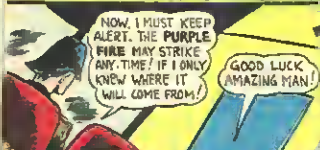
HERE THEY COME! JEEPERS, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THE AMAZING MAN IN THE ADMIRAL'S CLOTHES

YOU MAKE A GOOD ADMIRAL. AMAZING MAN



I HOPE I FOOLED ANY SPIES. WHEN WE GET FAR AWAY, YOU'LL BAIL OUT. I'M NOT GOING TO RISK ANY LIFE BUT MY OWN.

MOMENTS LATER THE PILOT JUMPS OUT....



NOW, I MUST KEEP ALERT. THE PURPLE FIRE MAY STRIKE ANY TIME! IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE IT WILL COME FROM!

GOOD LUCK AMAZING MAN!

JEEPERS! I BETTER TELL HIM I'M HERE - HE'S GONNA BE SORE

SO YOU GOT THE ENERGY WAVES, TOO. WELL, I CAN'T TURN BACK NOW, TOMMY YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY!

YIPPEE!

HASTILY TOMMY TELLS WHAT HAPPENED



I'M ZONA'S BROTHER TOMMY. I'M STRONG AND I CAN SOAR. I WANT TO HELP YOU

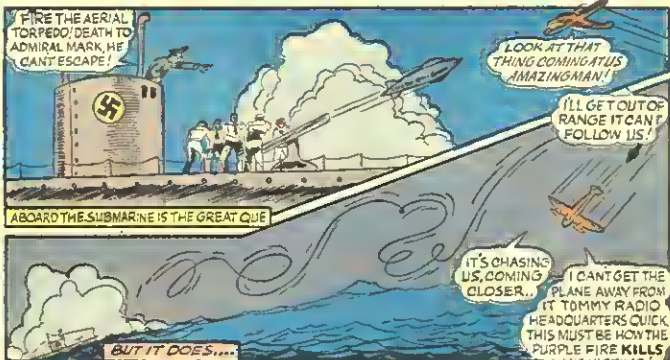
BLAZES!! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

WHEN THE PLANE IS FAR OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC...



IF WE'RE WRECKED AND YOU LAND IN THE WATER, BREAK THIS TUBE. THERE'S A STRONG DYE INSIDE. IT WILL COLOR THE OCEAN YELLOW AROUND YOU SO RESCUERS MAY FIND YOU

OKAY, I'LL KEEP IT IN MY BELT. HEY, LOOK! SUBMARINE AHEAD!!



FIRE THE AERIAL TORPEDO! DEATH TO ADMIRAL MARK, HE CAN'T ESCAPE!

LOOK AT THAT THING COMING AT US! AMAZING MAN!

I'LL GET OUT OF RANGE IT CAN'T FOLLOW US!

ABOARD THE SUBMARINE IS THE GREAT QUE

IT'S CHASING US, COMING CLOSER...

I CAN'T GET THE PLANE AWAY FROM IT TOMMY RADIO HEADQUARTERS QUICK! THIS MUST BE HOW THE PURPLE FIRE KILLS HIS VICTIMS!

BUT IT DOES....



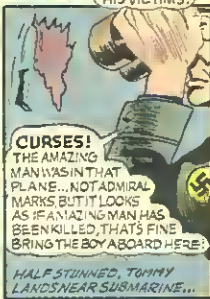
RADIO IS JAMMED AT SET WAVE LENGTH, CAN'T TWIST THE DIAL!

IT'S GOING TO HIT! JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE TOMMY!



THE PURPLE FIRE!

OHhhh, SOMETHING HIT ME ON THE HEAD, I'M GROGGY, HOPE TOMMY WASN'T KILLED



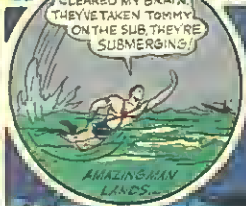
CURSES!

THE AMAZING MAN WAS IN THAT PLANE... NOT ADMIRAL MARKS, BUT IT LOOKS AS IF AN AMAZING MAN HAS BEEN KILLED, THAT'S FINE BRING THE BOY ABOARD HERE!

HALF STUNNED, TOMMY LANDS NEAR SUBMARINE...

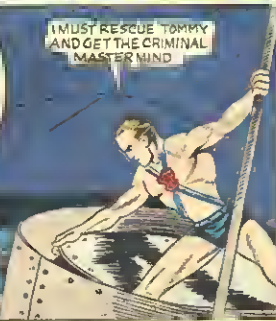


TAKE HIM BELOW, WE'LL TRAIN HIM TO OUR CAUSE, NOW WE'LL SUBMERSE AND GET AWAY

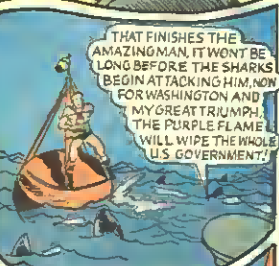
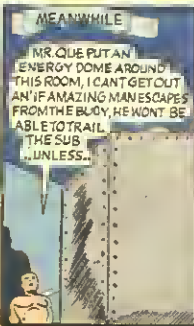
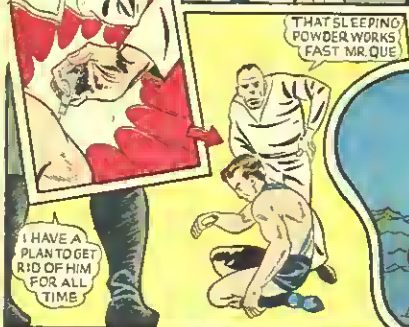
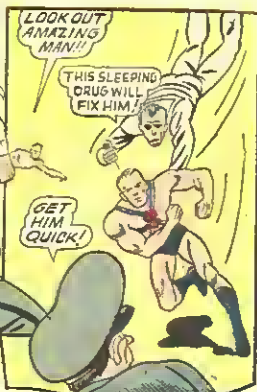
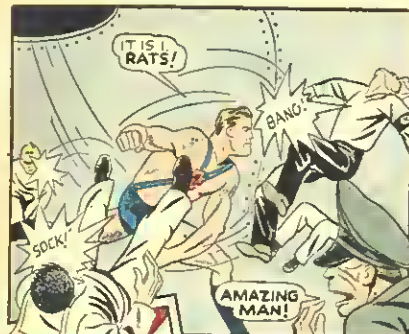


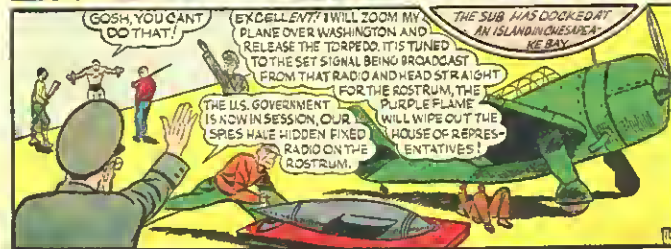
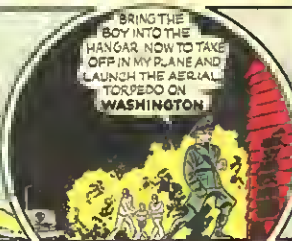
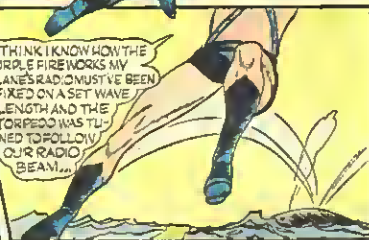
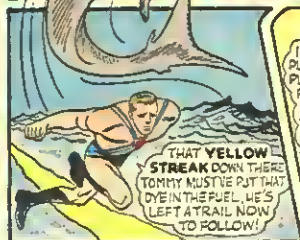
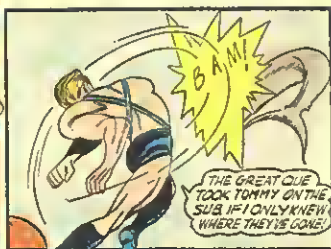
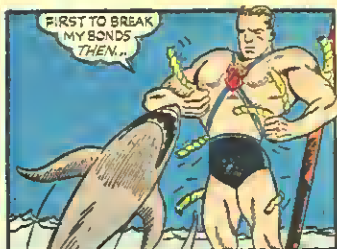
THE WATERS CLEARED MY BRAIN, THEY'VE TAKEN TOMMY ON THE SUB, THEY'RE SUBMERGING!

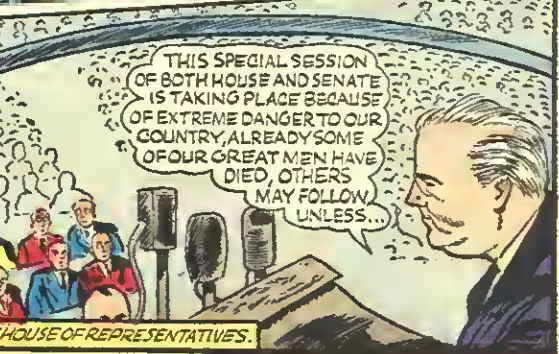
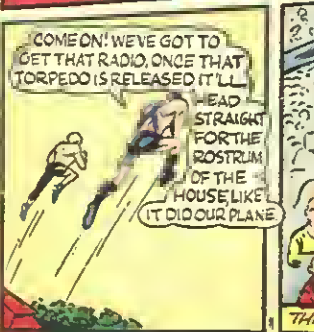
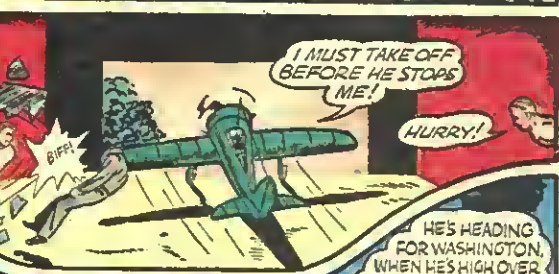
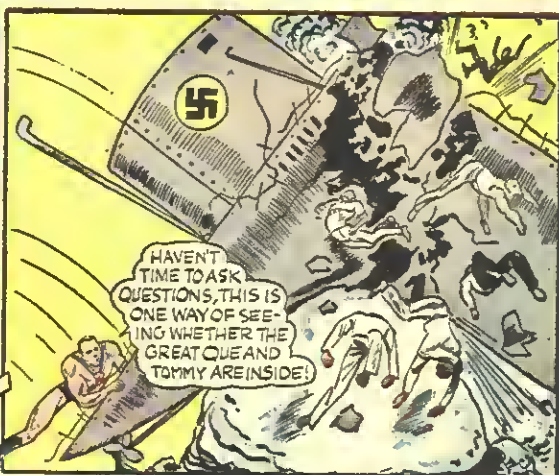
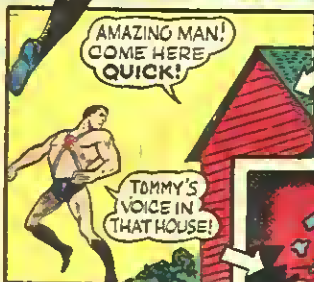
AMAZING MAN LANDS...

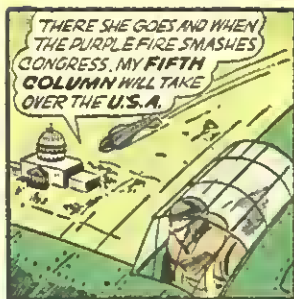


I MUST RESCUE TOMMY AND GET THE CRIMINAL MASTER MIND

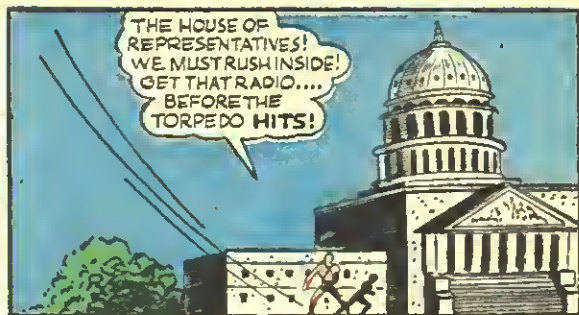




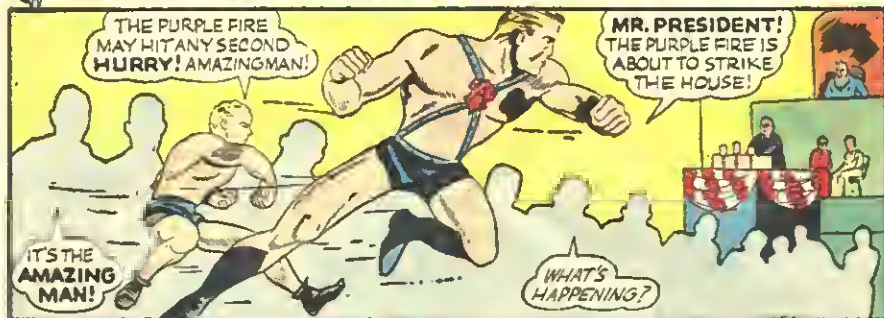




THERE SHE GOES AND WHEN THE PURPLE FIRE SMASHES CONGRESS, MY FIFTH COLUMN WILL TAKE OVER THE U.S.A.



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES! WE MUST RUSH INSIDE! GET THAT RADIO.... BEFORE THE TORPEDO HITS!

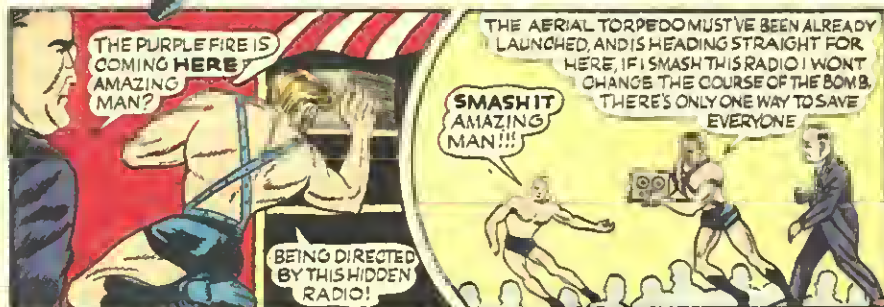


THE PURPLE FIRE MAY HIT ANY SECOND HURRY! AMAZING MAN!

MR. PRESIDENT! THE PURPLE FIRE IS ABOUT TO STRIKE THE HOUSE!

IT'S THE AMAZING MAN!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

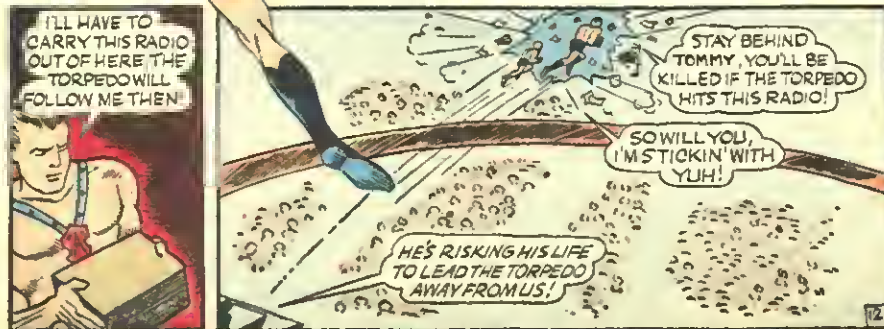


THE PURPLE FIRE IS COMING HERE! AMAZING MAN?

THE AERIAL TORPEDO MUST'VE BEEN ALREADY LAUNCHED, AND IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR HERE, IF I SMASH THIS RADIO I WON'T CHANGE THE COURSE OF THE BOMB. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE EVERYONE

SMASH IT AMAZING MAN!!!

BEING DIRECTED BY THIS HIDDEN RADIO!

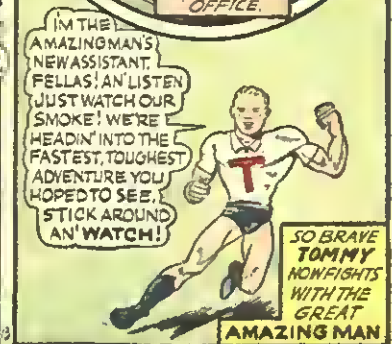
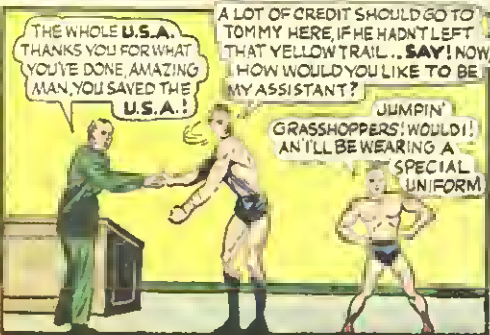
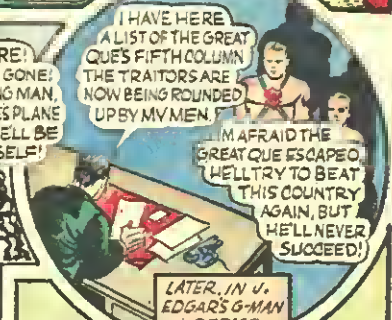
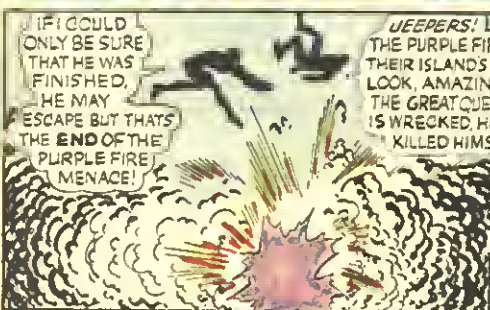
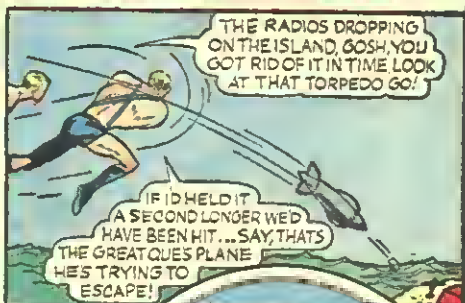
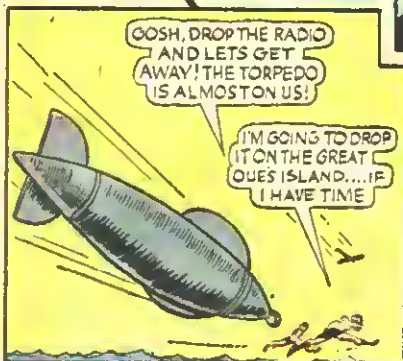
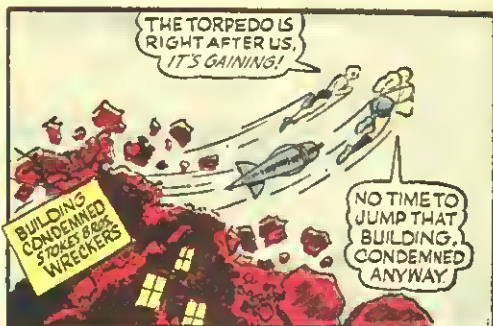


I'LL HAVE TO CARRY THIS RADIO OUT OF HERE THE TORPEDO WILL FOLLOW ME THEN!

STAY BEHIND TOMMY, YOU'LL BE KILLED IF THE TORPEDO HITS THIS RADIO!

SO WILL YOU, I'M STICKIN' WITH YUH!

HE'S RISKING HIS LIFE TO LEAD THE TORPEDO AWAY FROM US!



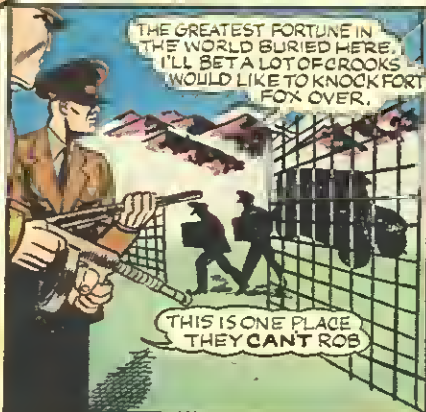
The AMAZING MAN



BILLIONS IN GOLD VANISH IN THE MOST DARING ROBBERIES OF ALL TIME. THE AMAZING MAN AND TOMMY... THE AMAZING KID... PIT THEIR STRENGTH AND SKILL AGAINST THE CRIMINAL GENIUS OF THE GREAT QUE, ARCH FOE OF CIVILIZATION.

14

BILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD LIES STORED IN THE UNDERGROUND VAULTS OF FORT FOX, THE TREASURE HOUSE OF THE U.S.A. AND STILL IT COMES!



THE GREATEST FORTUNE IN THE WORLD BURIED HERE. I'LL BET A LOT OF CROOKS WOULD LIKE TO KNOCK FORT FOX OVER.

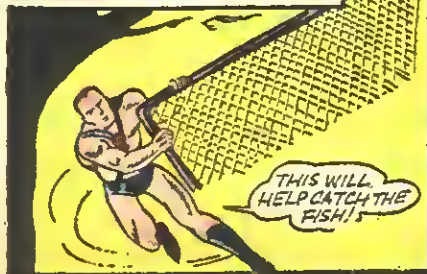
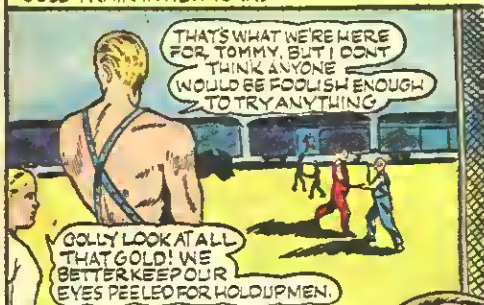
THIS IS ONE PLACE THEY CAN'T ROB

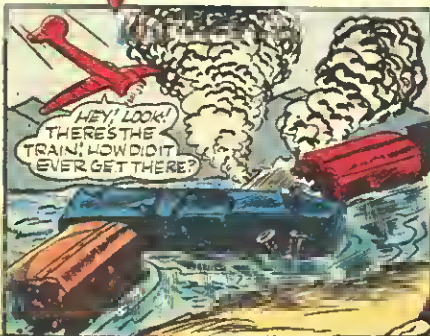
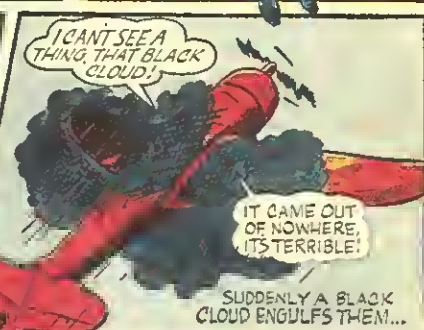
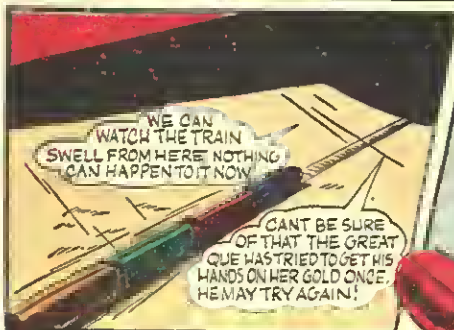
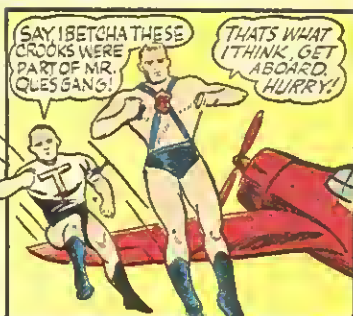
BUT THE GREAT QUE MASTER CRIMINAL IS ALREADY PLANNING A TERRIBLE COUP.

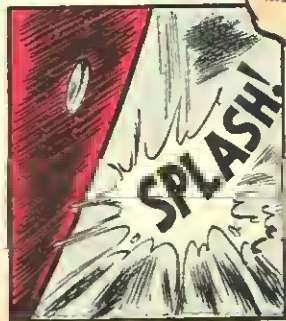
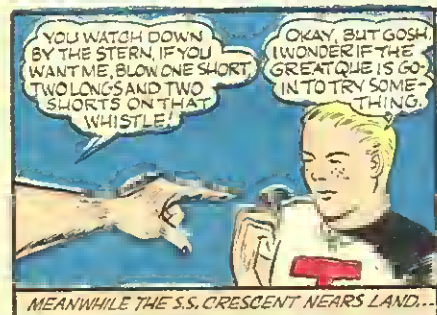
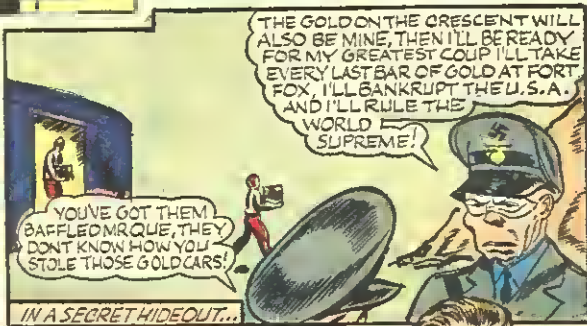
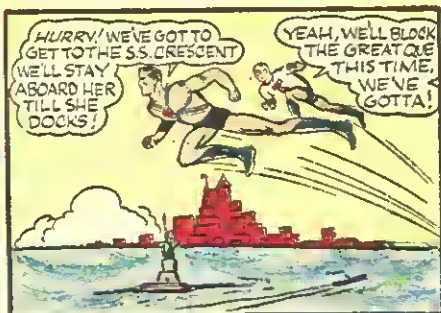
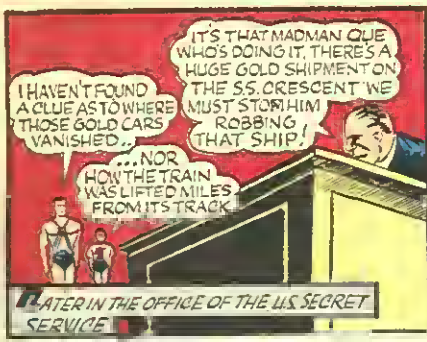
... MY ONLY TROUBLE MAY COME FROM THE AMAZING MAN AND THAT BOY TOMMY, BUT I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!



MEANWHILE, THE AMAZING MAN AND TOMMY ARE ON GUARD AT THE SECRET LOADING OF A GOLD TRAIN IN NEW YORK.



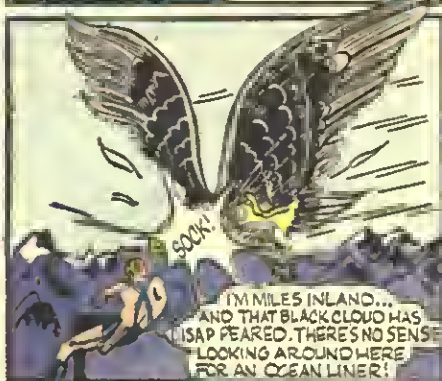




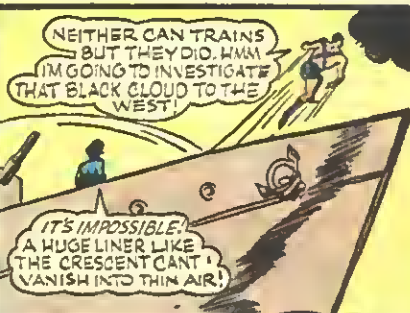
IN TEN MINUTES THE BLACKNESS LIFTS...



THERE ARE THE SHIPS
OF THE CONVOY BUT
THE S.S. CRESCENT WITH
HER FORTUNE OF GOLD
HAS DISAPPEARED!



SOOK!
I'M MILES INLAND...
AND THAT BLACK CLOUD HAS
DISAPPEARED. THERE'S NO SENSE
LOOKING AROUND HERE
FOR AN OCEAN LINER!



NEITHER CAN TRAINS
BUT THEY DID. HMM
I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE
THAT BLACK CLOUD TO THE
WEST!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
A HUGE LINER LIKE
THE CRESCENT CAN'T
VANISH INTO THIN AIR!



THE GREAT QUE
HAS WON AGAIN.
I MUST TRAIL HIM
DOWN, RECOVER ALL
THAT GOLD AND
RESCUE TOMMY
IF I ONLY HAD
SOME IDEA
WHERE TO GO.



MEANWHILE..

LEAPIN' BULLFROGS!
WHAT HAPPENED? ALL
I REMEMBER IS THAT BLACK
FOG, AND THE WHOLE SHIP
WENT NUTS. I BETTER
FIND THE AMAZING
MAN!

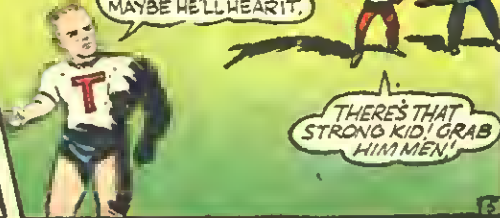
CARRY THE GOLD
TO MY STOREHOUSE
HURRY!

THERE'S THE FIEND
MR. QUE. HE'S STEALING
THE CRESCENT GOLD!

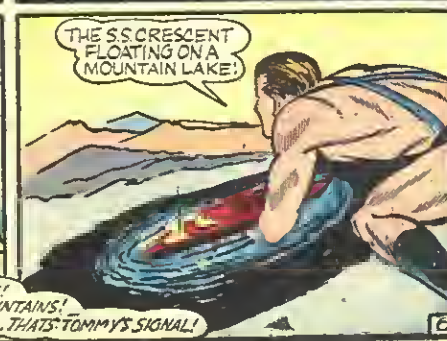
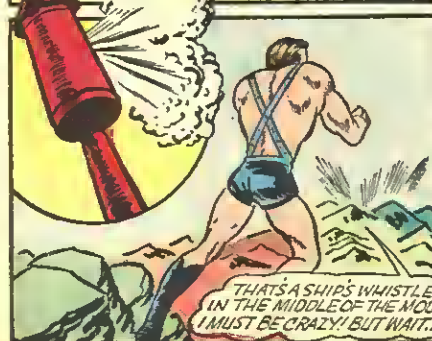
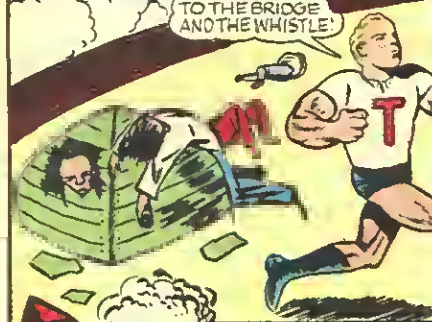


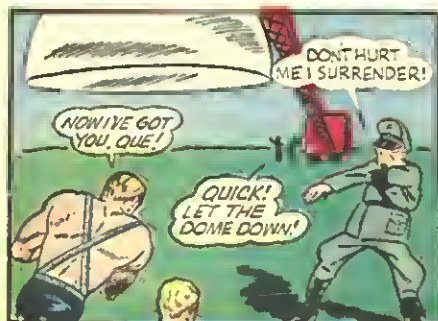
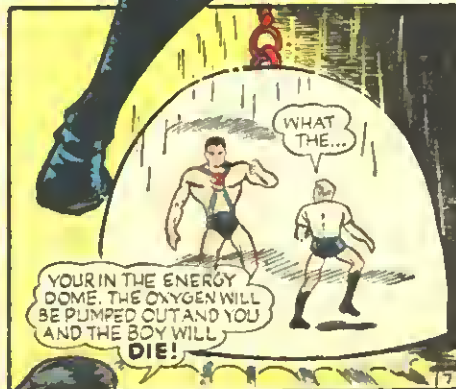
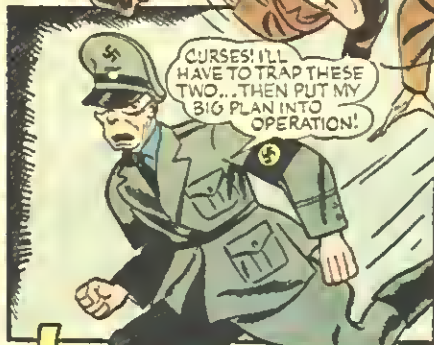
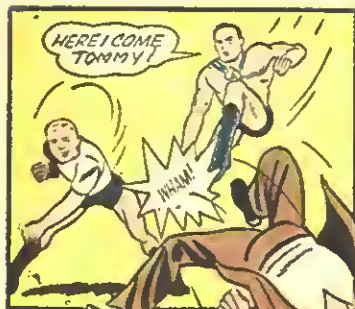
THE CRESCENT ISN'T IN
THE OCEAN! SHE'S FLOATING
IN A MOUNTAIN LAKE.....
MILES FROM THE SEA!

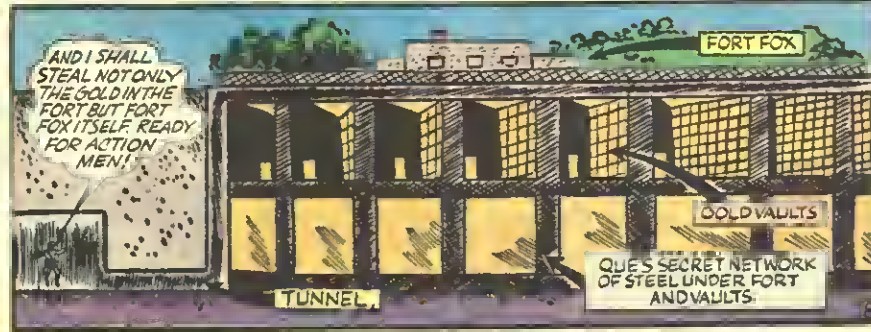
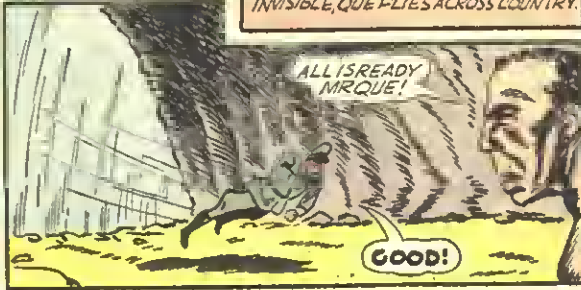
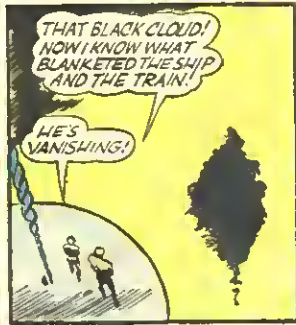
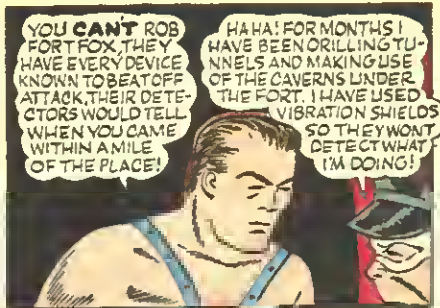
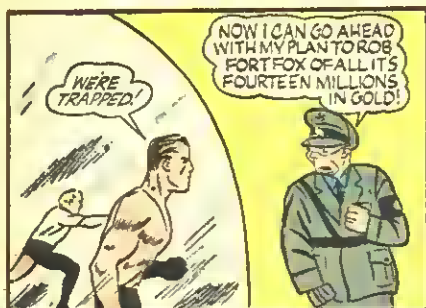
GOSH I WONDER WHERE
THE AMAZING MAN IS. HE
TOLD ME TO WHISTLE IF I WANTED
HIM, GEE, I KNOW, I'LL SEND
OUT A BLAST ON THE
SHIP'S WHISTLE
MAYBE HE'LL HEAR IT.

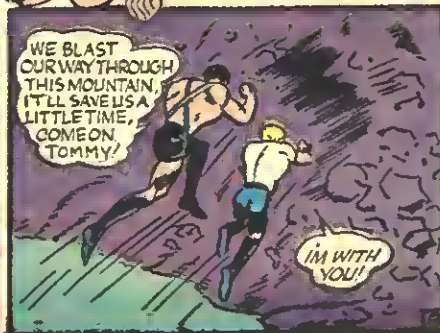
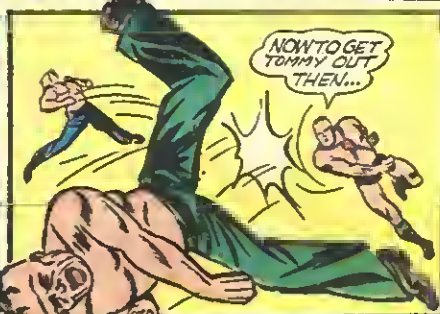
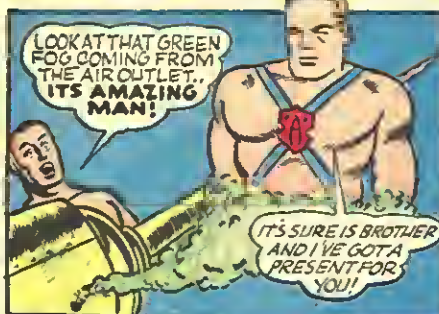
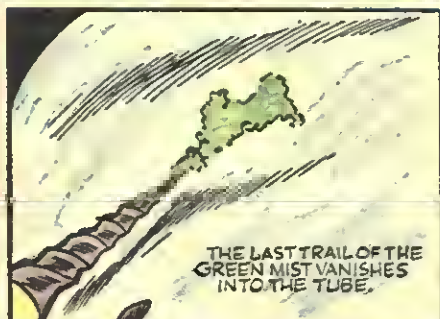
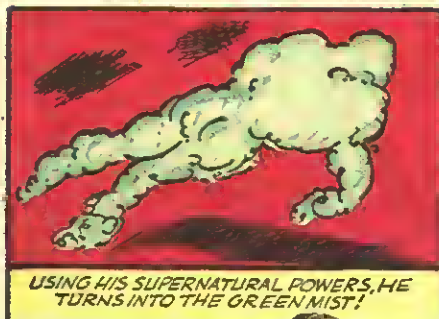
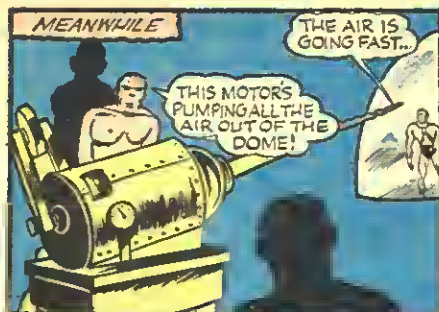


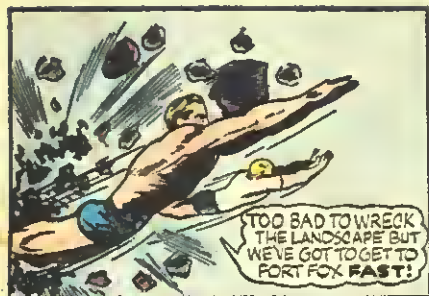
THERE'S THAT
STRONG KID! GRAB
HIM MEN!



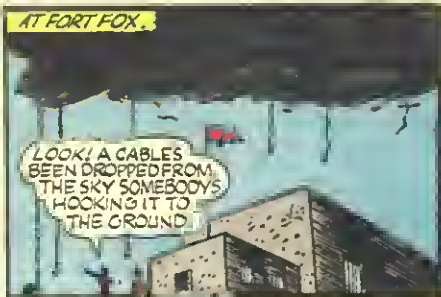








TOO BAD TO WRECK
THE LANDSCAPE BUT
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO
FORT FOX **FAST!**



AT FORT FOX.
LOOK! A CABLES
BEEN DROPPED FROM
THE SKY SOMEBODYS
HOOKING IT TO
THE GROUND



JEEPERS!
LOOK! DIRIGIBLES!

THERE'S
FORT FOX!



GREAT HEAVENS!
THAT DEVIL QUE IS
STEALING FORT
FOX INTACT WITH ALL
ITS GOLD!

THE WHOLE FORT
IS BEING LIFTED INTO
THE AIR!

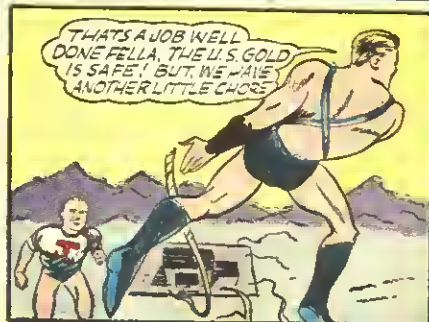
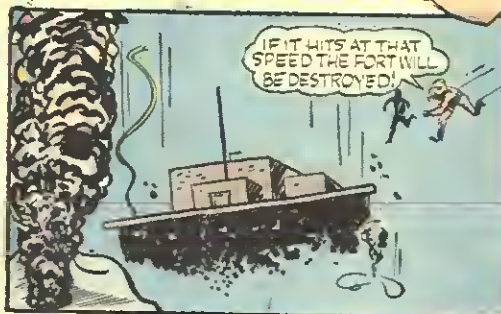
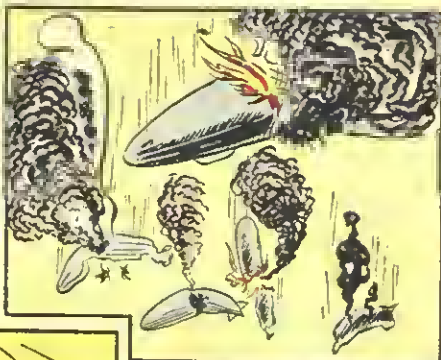
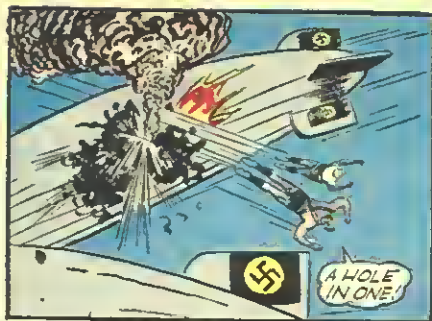


MY GREAT PLAN WORKS
FORT FOX AND ALL THE
U.S. GOLD IS MINE!... WHAT'S
THAT! LOOK!... THE AMAZ-
ING MAN AND TOMMY ARE ATTA-
CKING!

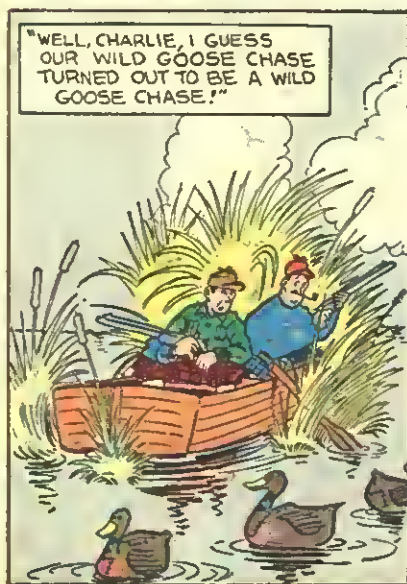


LET'S GO!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY
TO STOP THEM, WRECK
THOSE GAS BAGS!



LIFE AT ITS WORST by RAY HOULIHAN.



MINIMIDGET

TO THIS FREE COUNTRY OF OURS
COMES A HORDE OF SPIES AND
SABOTEURS FROM OTHER COUNTRIES.
WHO TRY TO LEARN OUR SECRETS
OF DEFENCE SO AS TO INVADE US
AND ENSLAVE US LATER. READ
HOW MINIMIDGET HANDLES
ONE SUCH GANG —

by John Kolb



IN HIS WELL EQUIPPED LABORATORY,
JAMES GORMAN IS WORKING ON A POWER-
FUL INVENTION FOR UNITED STATES
DEFENSE.



THIS WILL MAKE OUR COUNTRY THE
STRONGEST IN THE WORLD. NO ONE WILL
DARE **ATTACK** US BUT IF IT GETS INTO
ENEMY HANDS IT WILL BE JUST
TOO BAD FOR
US.



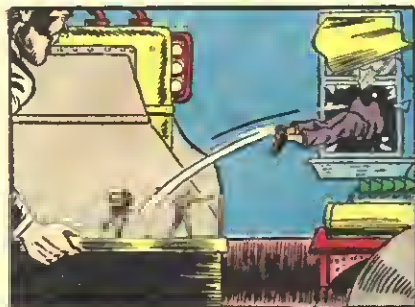
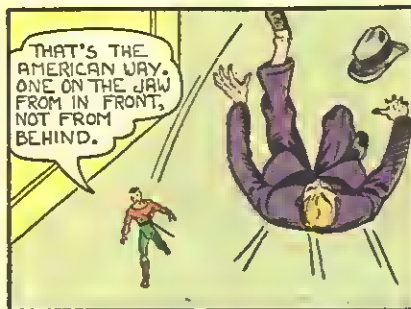
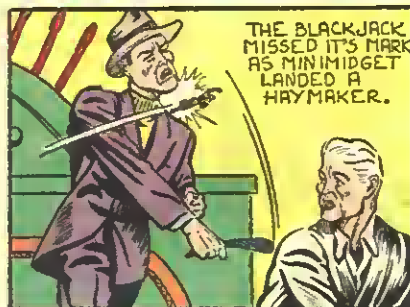
UNKNOWN TO GORMAN, AN EVIL, FOREIGN
LOOKING MAN IS WATCHING HIM.

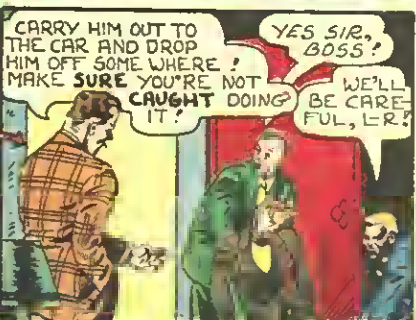
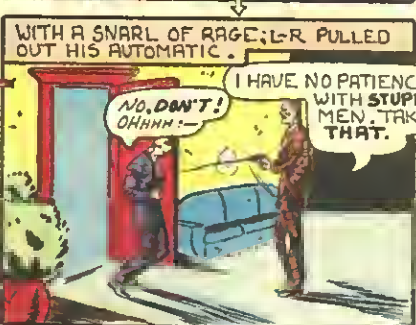
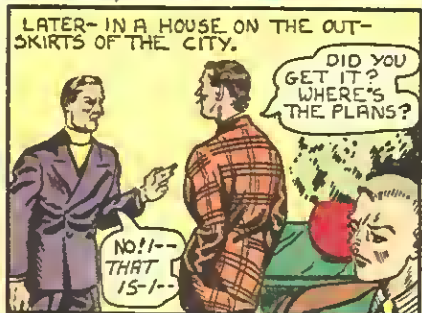
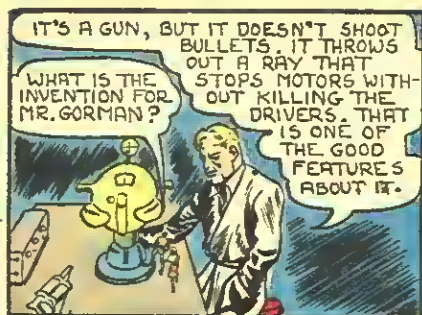


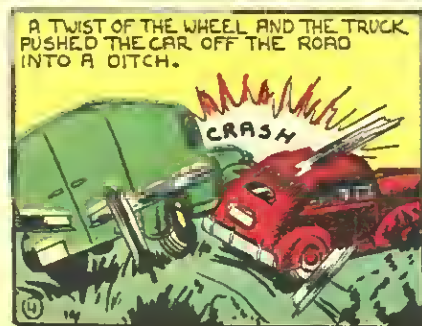
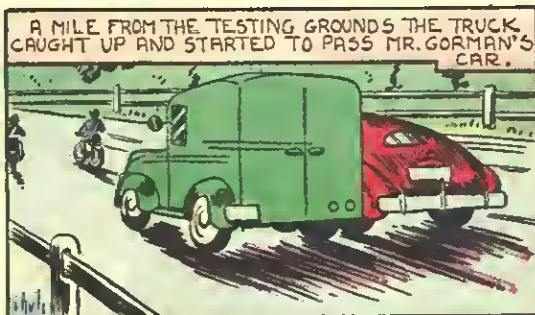
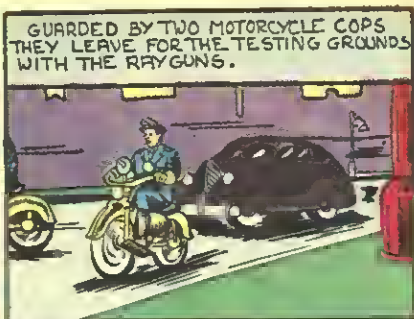
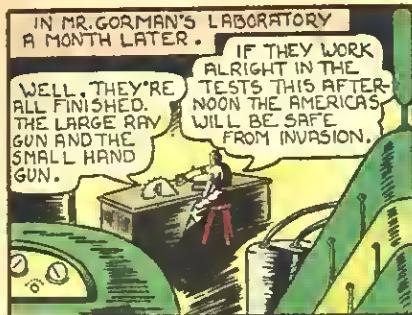
HA-HA- IT WILL ALSO MAKE
MY COUNTRY THE STRONG-
EST. THEN, WE SHALL
MAKE YOU OUR SLAVES.

QUIETLY HE STEPPED UP
BEHIND MR. GORMAN.
AN EVIL GRIN SPREAD
OVER HIS FACE.

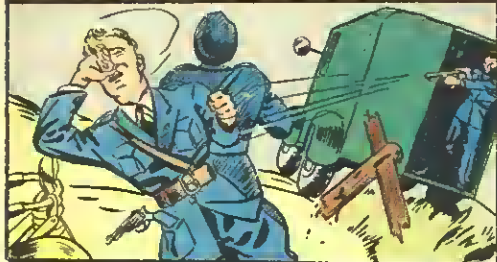




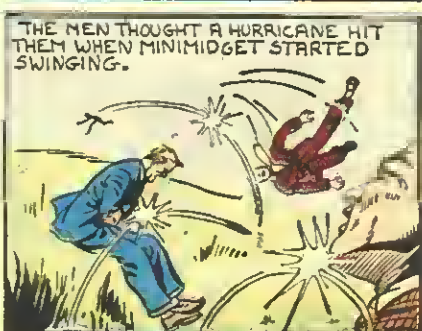
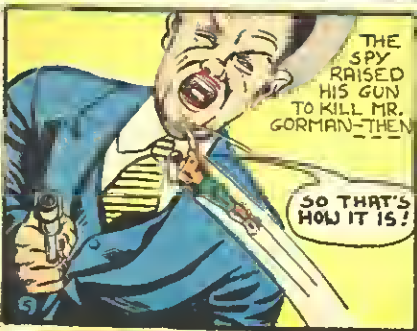
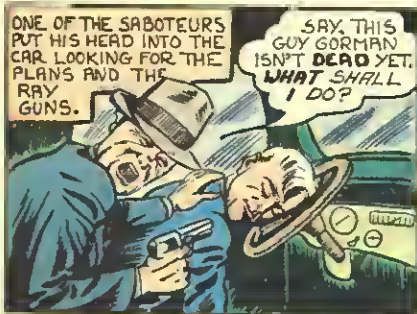
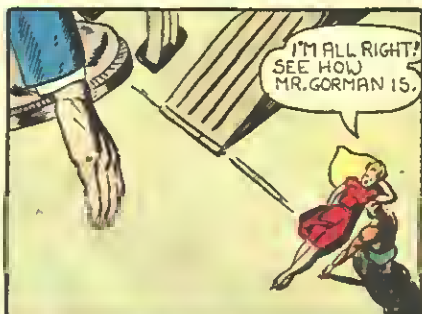
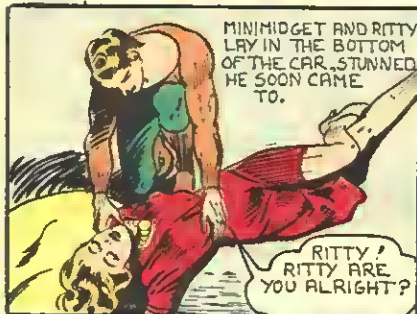
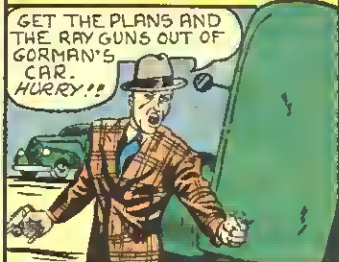


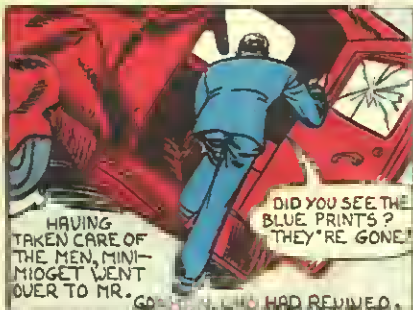


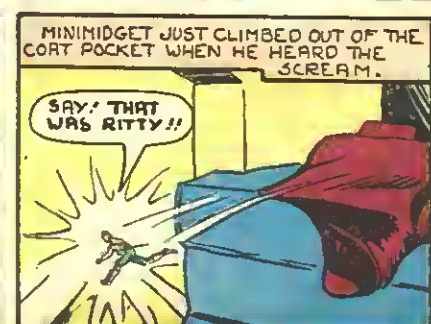
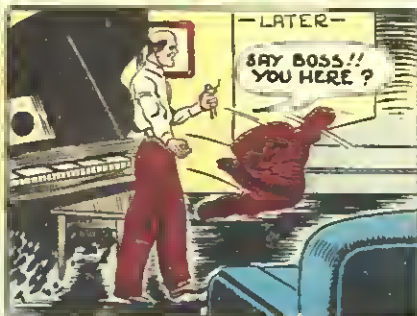
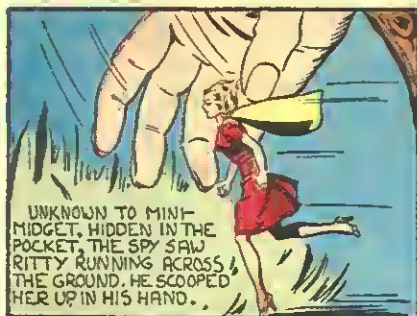
THE BACK OF THE TRUCK OPENED AND A TOMMY GUN CUT THE COPS DOWN IN THEIR TRACKS.

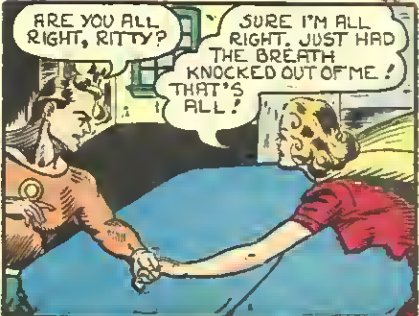
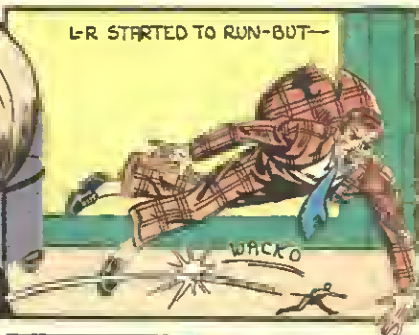
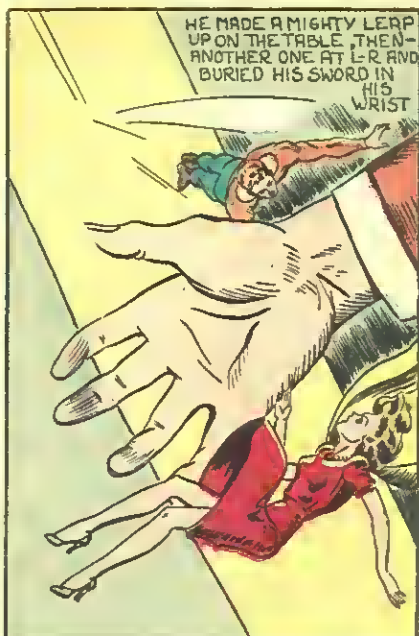
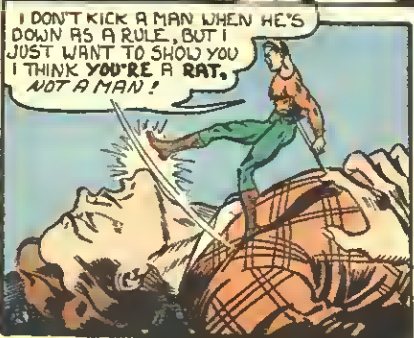
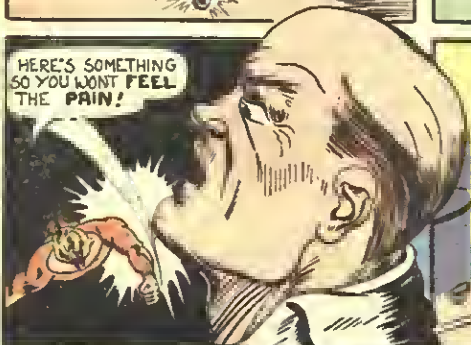
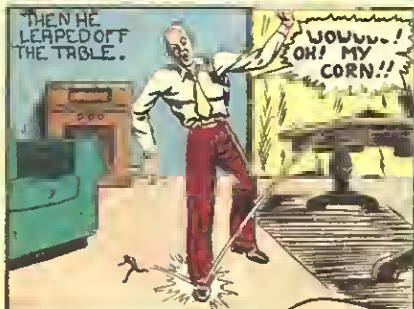


L-R- DREW UP IN THE GETAWAY CAR AND TOOK COMMAND.









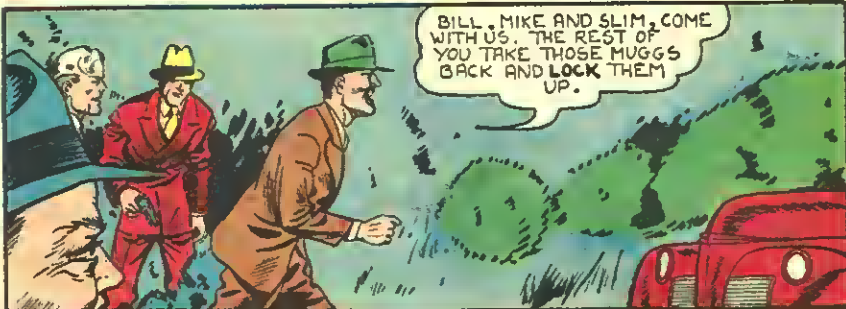
MEANWHILE—BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH A G-MAN SPEAKS.

SAY! I KNOW THESE GUYS. THEY'RE A BUNCH OF SPIES AND 5TH. COLUMNISTS THAT WE WERE GETTING READY TO PICK UP.



WHERE DID L-R GO WITH THOSE PLANS? TALK OR I'LL BREAK YOUR ARM.

I'LL TALK! OUCH!! HE MUST HAVE GONE TO THE HIDEOUT AT 50 DALE AVE.



BILL, MIKE AND SLIM, COME WITH US. THE REST OF YOU TAKE THOSE MUGGS BACK AND LOCK THEM UP.

WITH A ROAR OF IT'S POWERFUL MOTOR THE CAR SPED TOWARD DALE AVE.

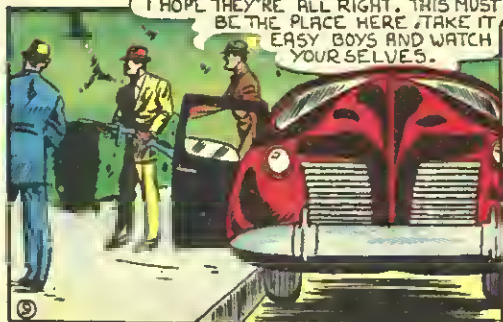


DID YOU SAY THAT THE ONE WHO ESCAPED TOOK BOTH RITTY AND MINIMIDGET, MR. GORMAN?

YES! MINIMIDGET CLIMBED INTO HIS POCKET AND HE GRABBED RITTY AS HE RAN AWAY.



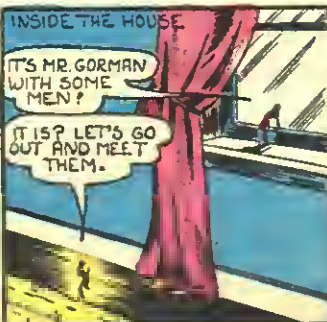
I HOPE THEY'RE ALL RIGHT. THIS MUST BE THE PLACE HERE TAKE IT EASY BOYS AND WATCH YOUR SELVES.

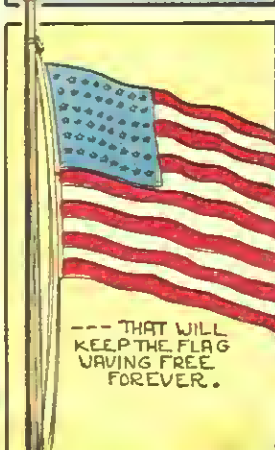
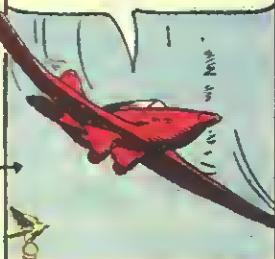
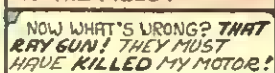
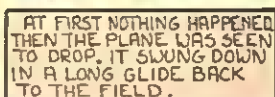
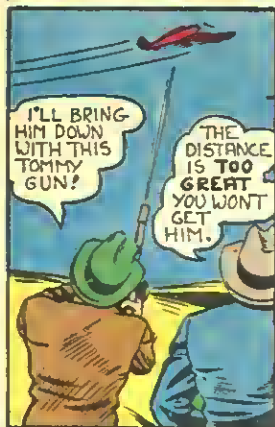
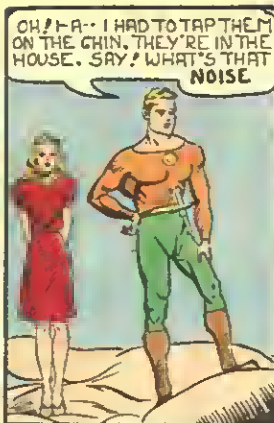
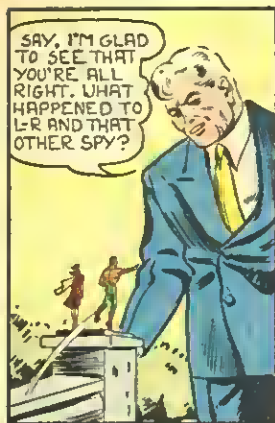


INSIDE THE HOUSE

IT'S MR. GORMAN WITH SOME MEN?

IT IS? LET'S GO OUT AND MEET THEM.





CLAWS OF A CATSPA W

Once more in his mind
he became a criminal.



THE newspaper headlines said: POLICE PROMISE EARLY CAPTURE OF DUGAN BROTHERS BELIEVED HIDING IN CITY AFTER LATEST PAYROLL HOLDUP!

Slowly young Joey Bannon folded the morning paper into a neat roll and slouched his long, thin body into a more comfortable position on the East Side park bench.

"What suckers the Dugan brothers are!" Joey said, half aloud. "Maybe they'll get clean away, this time. Maybe they'll pull half a dozen more jobs, even. But sooner or later they'll get caught and then what good will all that dough do them. Prison! Long days and lonely nights behind bars, month after month. Suckers!"

Joey Bannon took a deep breath of the morning air. It was good to be out here in the open, to see the kids playing in the park, to feel the warm sun on your face. It was good even when people—all your old neighbors and friends on the East Side were against you—wouldn't give you a fresh start just because of a foolish thing you once did.

THEN a gruff voice broke into Joey's thoughts. It said: "All right, Joey Bannon. Get up. You're going with us!"

Joey looked up, startled, at the two men standing before him. His thin cheeks went very pale and his mouth pulled into a tight line. The men were big and burly, their faces grim. Joey Bannon knew them well. They were Detectives Drake and Carter from the Fourth Precinct. But Joey didn't move. He said:

by **ROBERT TURNER**

"You—you've made a mistake, fellows. I'm clean. I didn't do anything. I've been on the straight and narrow since I left the farm."

Neither of the detectives changed the expression of his face. As if at some silent signal they both reached down simultaneously and heavy fists grabbed Joey's thin arms, lifted him bodily off the bench. Joey knew better than to struggle. He had tried that once before and took a beating. Of course he was innocent this time, but he was taking no chances.

"We don't know anything about that, Joey," Drake said. "Maybe you're a good kid now and maybe you aren't. All we know is we've got orders to pick you up and bring you in."

"You—you're hurtin' my arms," Joey said, biting his lip. "I'll go quietly if you'll take it easy."

THE grip on his arms slackened and Joey asked: "What's the beef, boys? You can tell me that."

"Breaking into grocery stores and stealing cigarettes, candy and foodstuffs. The same rap that sent you to reform school for eighteen months, Joey. Three places been entered in your neighborhood the past week," Carter told him. "With you fresh back at the old hunting grounds, it looks bad."

"But—but," Joey protested, "It couldn't be me. I don't even smoke anymore. Why should I steal butts. I tell you I'm clean now. I learned my lesson! I'm no chump anymore. I'm trying to get a job and—and—"

He broke off abruptly. Both detectives were looking straight ahead, not paying any attention to him. They weren't hardly listening. Joey Bannon gave it up. There wasn't much use in talking. They were going to get him down to the station house and they were going to pin those jobs on him no matter how hard he yelled. And he couldn't blame them much. It did look bad.

They left the park and started down a narrow side street lined with tenements. This was Joey's neighborhood. All the kids on the street stopped playing and stared at Joey and the two big-shouldered detectives. Women hanging out the windows called to each other and pointed down.

AS they walked along Joey began to boil all up inside. It wasn't fair. It was bad enough that no one would give him a job, a chance to show that he had changed. But this was too much. They were going to railroad him right back to that cold, lonely prison farm. Or maybe he'd get the pen, this time. He was older now. And they'd call this second offense.

It all boiled up inside of Joey and it suddenly became too much for him. Suddenly his heart began to pound and the pulses in his wrist and a red haze misted before his eyes. Just as suddenly it all cleared and left him filled with a cold, grim determination.

He timed and planned the break perfectly. A procession of funeral cars. A quick, twisting yank away from the detectives, a swift, dodging dash across the street between the cars and down an alley and into a dark cellar. He got away clean.

Joey Bannon had long hours to think, cringing and hiding down there in the dark, cramped confines of a coal bin. Once more in his mind he became a criminal. He thought: If I was hoisting stuff from stores and had really pulled those last three jobs, where would I figure on the next one? It didn't take him long to figure Clancy's delicatessen as the next softest touch in the neighborhood. And then he had his plans complete.

IT was a little after midnight when Joey Bannon crawled forth, his thin, strained features streaked with soot, from his cellar hideout. In one bony fist he gripped a heavy poker he had found in the cellar.

Through back alleys, sticking close to the shadows, he slunk toward the rear exit of Clancy's Delicatessen. It was a cinch to pry open the cheap catch and slip into the blanketing blackness inside the store.

Once inside Joey made his way to the front of the store and crouched down behind a cracker barrel near the glass-enclosed cigarette case. He

was hardly settled when the squeaking sound of a rising window sounded from the rear of the store where Joey himself had entered. Joey froze stiffly, his legs and arms aching with tension. Sweat dewed his palms and his forehead as a husky, whispered voice said:

"I tell you I don't like the idea of the catch being off that window. We may be walking into a trap!"

"Nuts!" another voice answered. "Probably just broken. You know how dumb and careless these small shop-owners are!"

AND then, his eyes accustomed to the gloom now, Joey saw two hulking figures moving toward the cigarette case. A match flickered in a carefully cupped hand. Glass shattered with a tinkling crash as a gun-butt broke through the cigarette case.

That was the signal Joey Bannon had been waiting for. He shot up out of his hiding place like a jack-in-the-box, leaped toward the two vague figures in the dark, with his poker swinging.

There was a sickening crunch of iron against bone and one of the men pitched forward, upsetting the cigarette stand with a terrific crash. The other marauder, warned, managed to duck under Joey's next swing. The sudden roaring blast of a gun went off in Joey's face. The flame of gunpowder scorched his cheek. His ears rang with the noise. A heavy body lunged against his own thin form, knocking him spinning backward into a corner. Footsteps pounded toward the rear of the store. Joey fought to control his balance. He raised the poker over his shoulder and then heaved it spinning through the blackness toward the sound of those footsteps.

There was a groaning grunt, then a heavy thud. The poker clanged to the floor. Joey Bannon swayed dizzily as reaction tore at his taut nerves and he moved through the sudden heavy silence toward the street door.

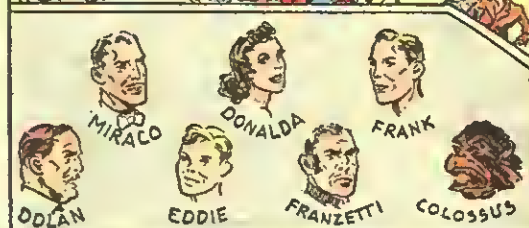
SOMETIME later down at headquarters Detectives Drake and Carter pumped Joey Bannon's hands as Clancy, the delicatessen owner beamed happily.

"How did you know it was the Dugan brothers who were hoisting stuff from the stores, Joey?" Carter asked, admiringly.

Joey flushed happily. "I—I didn't. I figured it *might* be them, since they were too hot to come out in daylight and buy supplies. But I figured that *whoever* it was, would try another job real soon and I was going to nab 'em and prove my innocence. You see, Crooks are dumb suckers!"

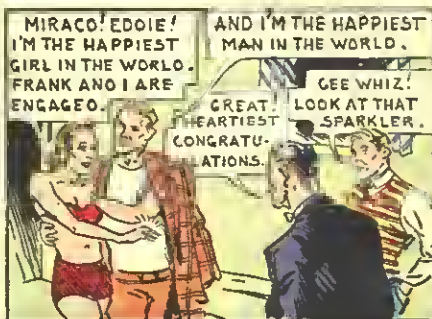
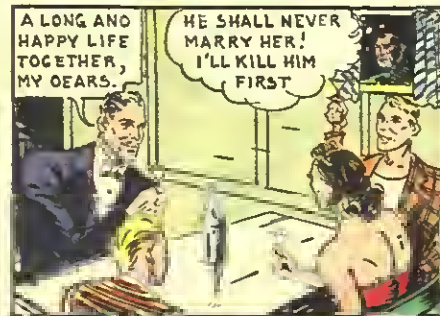
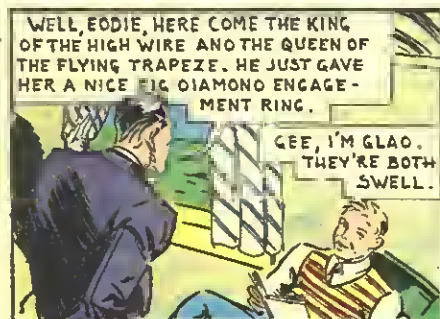
Mr. Clancy nodded knowingly. "You're going to make a mighty smart clerk for my store, Joey," he said.

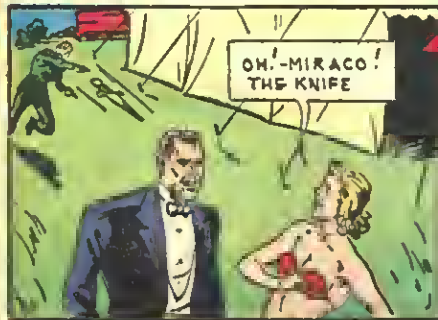
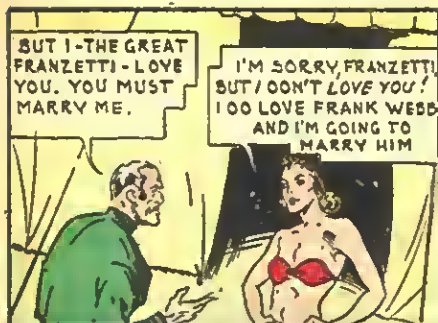
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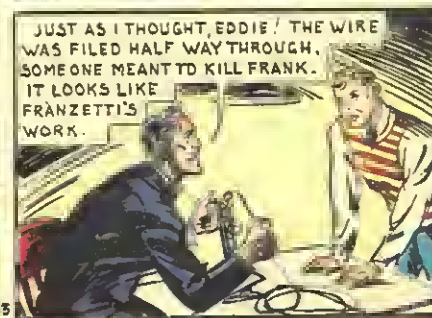
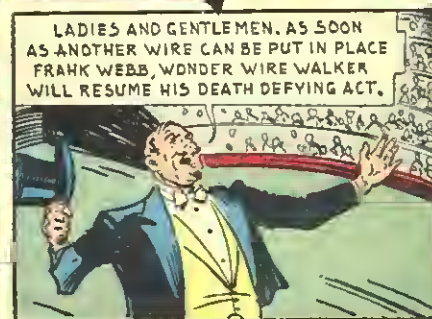
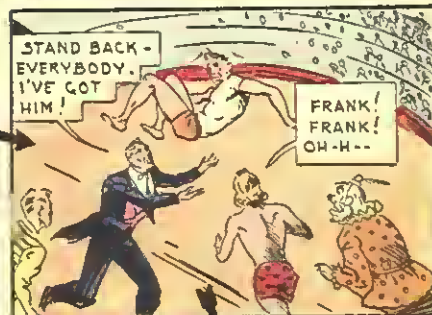
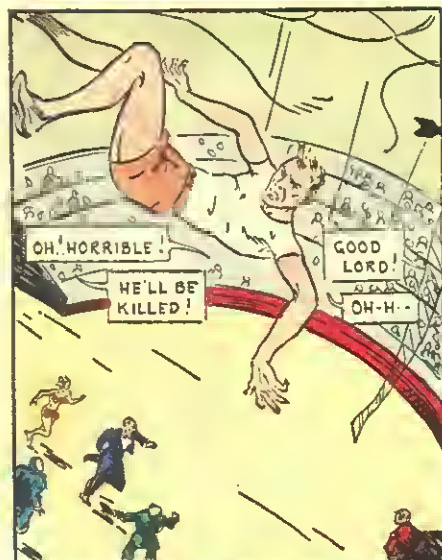
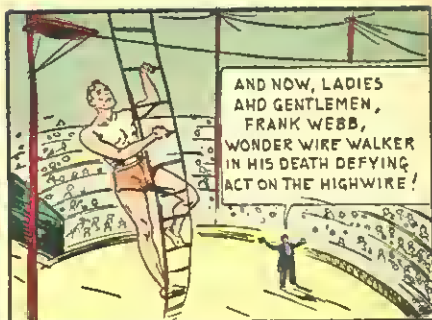


MIRACO THE GREAT-MAGICIAN AND MYSTIC-POSSESSOR OF EXTRAORDINARY HYPNOTIC AND OCCULT POWERS HAS LEARNT THE SECRET OF ACQUIRING SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH.

HE IS THE STAR OF DOLAN'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS. HIS BEST FRIENDS WITH THE SHOW ARE FRANK WEBB-WONDER WIRE WALKER, AND DONALDA-QUEEN OF THE FLYING TRAPEZE-WHO ARE IN LOVE WITH EACH OTHER. FRANZETTI-OWNER AND TRAINER OF COLOSSUS-GIANT MAN KILLING GORILLA-WHO ALSO LOVES DONALDA.







AND THAT'S JUST
WHAT HAPPENED,
PAT. I'M SURE
FRANZETTI FILED
THAT WIRE HALF
THROUGH BUT I
CAN'T PROVE IT-
YET.

FRANZETTI IS A
BAD EGG, MIRACO.
I'LL FIRE HIM AS SOON
AS I CAN FIND ANOTHER
ANIMAL ACT TO TAKE
HIS PLACE. KEEP YOUR
EYE ON HIM IN THE
MEANTIME.



FRANZETTI, REALIZING THAT MIRACO IS
CONSTANTLY WATCHING HIM DETERMINES
TO GET RID OF HIM SO THAT HE CAN KILL
FRANK WEBB.



THEY'RE BOTH OF THEM ASLEEP AT LAST.
I CAN HEAR THEIR BREATHING. NOW'S
MY CHANCE TO FINISH THAT MEDDLING
MIRACO FOR EVER.



THIS CHLOROFORM OUGHT TO
MAKE THEM SLEEP ALL RIGHT.
I'LL CLOSE THE WINDOW NOW
AND GIVE IT A LITTLE TIME
TO WORK.

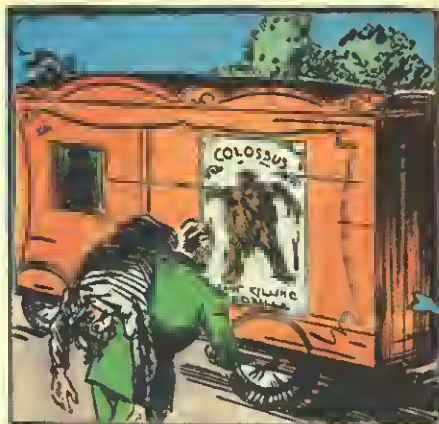


IF THAT DOESN'T AWAKE
THEM I'LL KNOW THEY'RE
REALLY UNCONSCIOUS.



NOW TO GIVE
COLOSSUS A
PLAYFELLOW.





LEAVING THE UNCONSCIOUS MIRACO TO A TERRIBLE FATE, FRANZETTI MAKES HIS WAY UNOBSERVED TO HIS OWN QUARTERS





ALL RIGHT HANDSOME.
YOU CAN UNTANGLE
YOURSELF NOW.





THE

MARKSMAN

by ABEL SEIDMAN
AND JOHN STYGA



THE MARKSMAN'S
FATHER, CHIEF OF
THE SECRET SERVICE
TRAINED HIM FROM
CHILDHOOD TO BE
A POWERFUL FORCE
AGAINST CRIME
AND EVIL

OUT OF THE WEST COMES
THE **MARKSMAN** ... HE HAS THE
EYESIGHT OF AN EAGLE AND A
PAIR OF WONDERFUL HANDS...
WHETHER HE SHOOTS A GUN
OR AN ARROW: WHETHER HE
THROWS A BALL OR A KNIFE
HE NEVER MISSES !!

DEEP UNDER THE STREETS OF NEW YORK

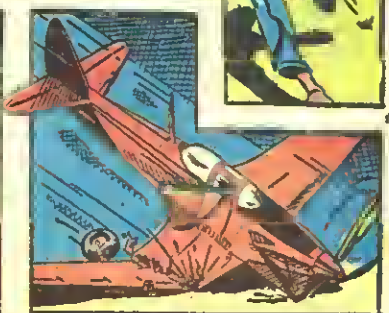
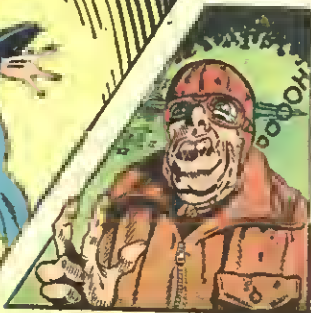
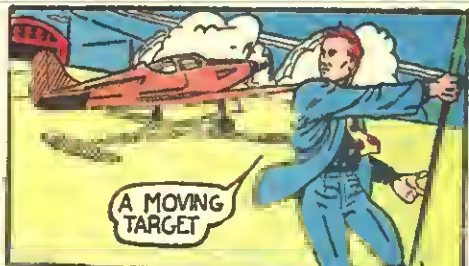
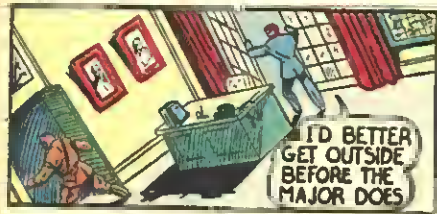
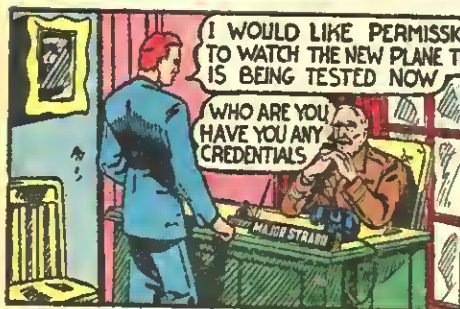


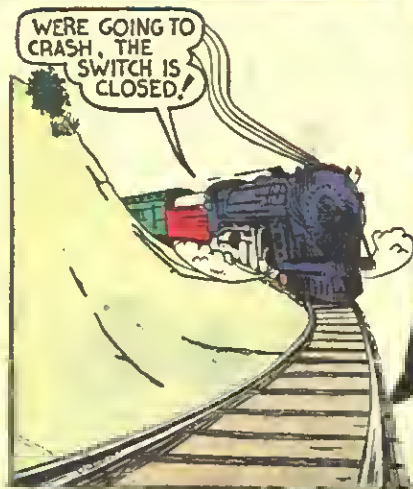
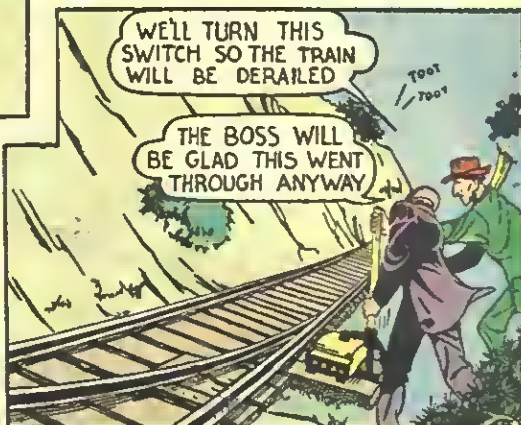
SAY SPIKE,
WHO IS THE BOSS
OF THIS RACKET?

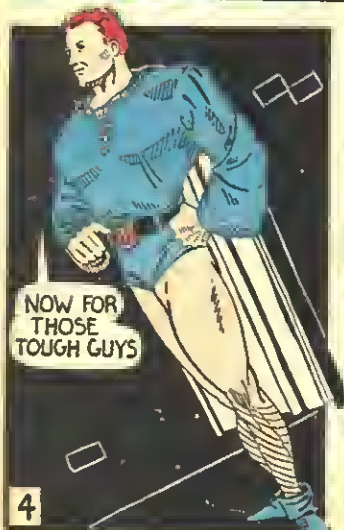
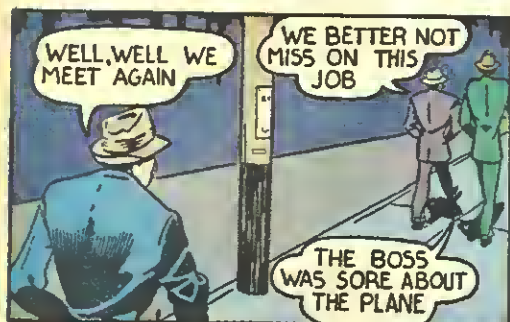
WE JUST CALL
HIM THE SEWER RAT

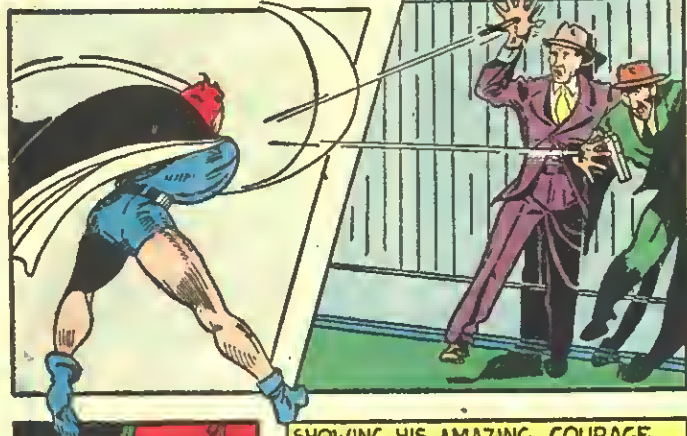


AT THE AIRFIELD THE MARKSMAN POSES AS JOHN COURAGE, A LAWYER.









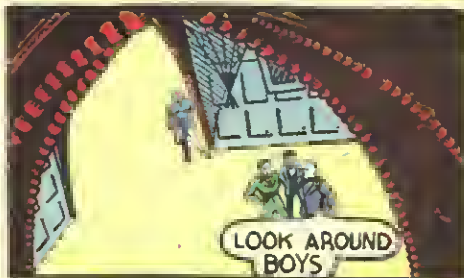
SHOWING HIS AMAZING COURAGE THE MARKSMAN ENTERS THE DARK SEWERS TO GIVE BATTLE TO THE SEWER RAT....



THE MARKSMAN LOOKING THRU
THE KEY HOLE SEES THE SEWER
RAT GIVING ORDERS

TOMORROW YOU WILL
STEAL MACHINE GUNS
FROM THE ARMY CAMP
THE DOOR TO THE
STOCK ROOM WILL
BE OPEN

OKEY BOSS, LETS
SLEEP IN THE MUSEUM
THAT'S RIGHT OVER
THIS TUNNEL

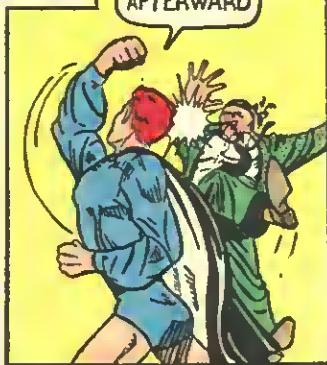


LOOK AROUND
BOYS

WHO ARE
YOU



HIT FIRST...ASK
QUESTIONS
AFTERWARD

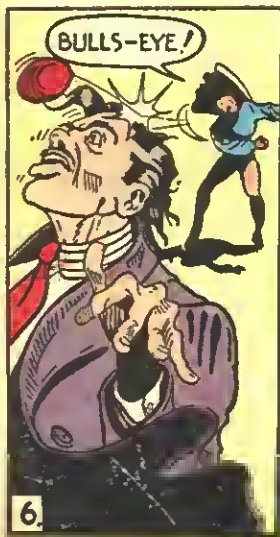


LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE BEFORE
THE POLICE HEAR
THE RACKET

I'M RIGHT
BEHIND YOU



BULLS-EYE!



YOU'LL NEVER
GET ME ALIVE



THIS IS
GOING TO
BE A
DELICATE
SHOT

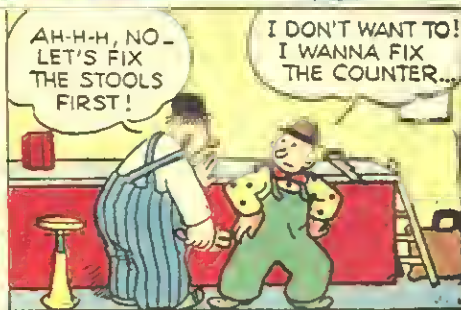
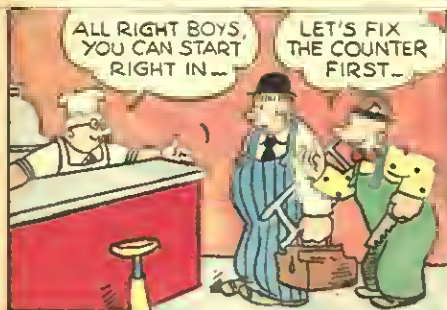


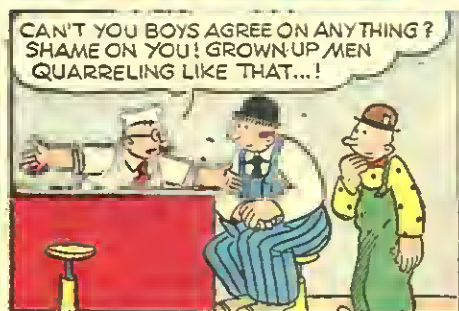
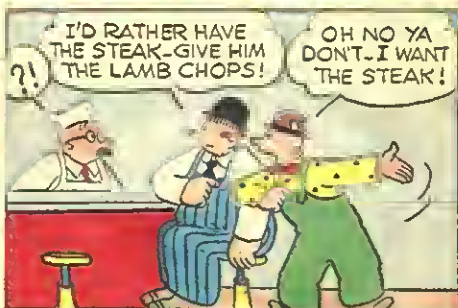
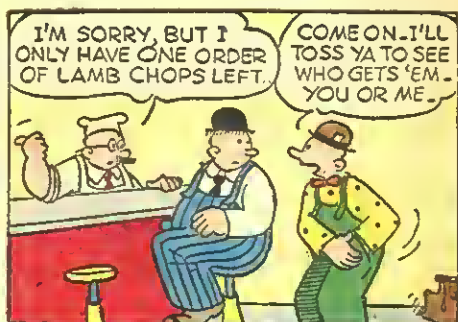


PHIL AND BILL

BOYS WILL BE BOYS!

by
ART HELFANT.





THE MIGHTY MAN

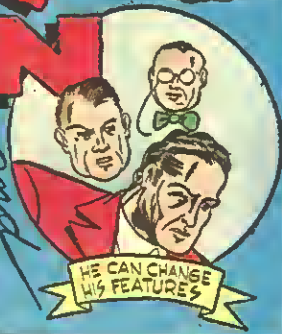
BY MARTIN FLEWELL



HE CAN GROW



HE CAN SHRINK



HE CAN CHANGE HIS FEATURES

AT THE PRESIDENT'S COMMAND THE WHOLE NATION MOBILIZES FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE - BUT THE MYSTERIOUS SINKING OF STEAMBOATS, PLUS A SCORE OF FULLY-LOADED COAL BARGES HAS CLOGGED UP THE MAIN WATER WAY - AND THUS SLOWED - UP THE PRODUCTION OF STEEL! - WITH A SHORTAGE IN STEEL THE DRIVE FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE HAS STOPPED!!!

THE STEAMBOAT THAT COULDN'T BE SUNK

THE MIGHTY MAN DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE THESE SINKINGS!



- BUT HE WAS NOT.



ANYWAY-THAT'S LESS HE DOES APPEAR
ON THE SPOT THAT SAME EVENING



I'M GOING TO FIND
OUT WHAT CAUSED
HER TO SINK OR
DIE TRYING

A GIRL!
I WONDER WHAT
SHE'S DOING HERE?
I'LL TRAIL HER SHE
MIGHT LEAD ME
INTO SOMETHING!



HE LEAD HIM INTO
SOMETHING SHE
DID - THE MIGHTY
MAN FOLLOWS
HER ABOUT FIFTY
YARDS WHEN
BEDLAM BREAKS
LOOSE AS FOUR
MEN JUMP HIM



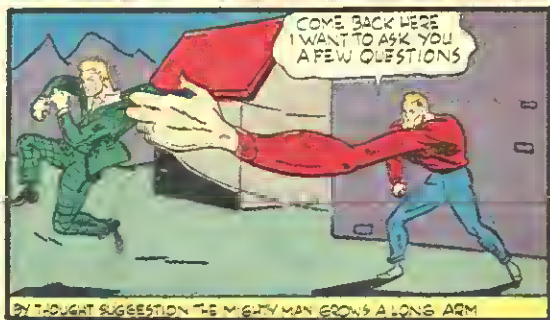
WHAT DID
I DO TO YOU
GUYS?



YOU
ASKED
FOR IT!

I'M GETTING
OUT OF HERE!

UGH



COME BACK HERE
I WANT TO ASK YOU
A FEW QUESTIONS

BY THOUGHT SUGGESTION THE MIGHTY MAN GROWS A LONG ARM

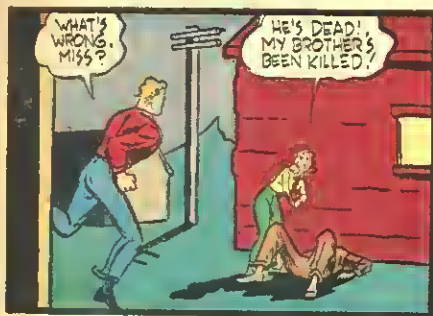


WHAT DID YOU
FELLOWS WANT?
ANSWER ME!
GOSH! HE'S OUT COLD!

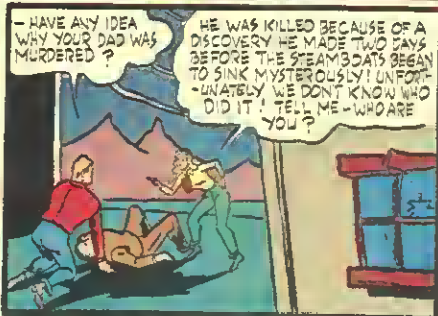
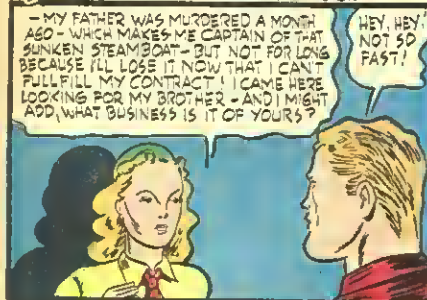


WHAT'S
THAT?

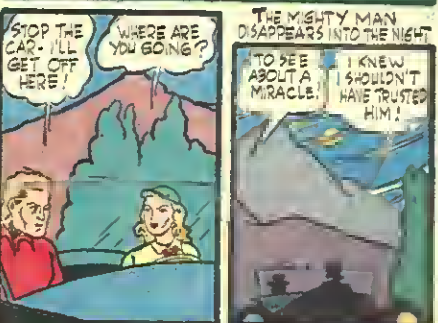
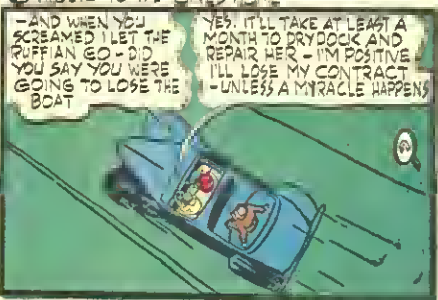
HELP!
HELP!



THE YOUNG LADY PROMPTLY TELLS HER STORY



ENROUTE TO THE GIRL'S HOME



A FEW SECONDS LATER HE APPEARS ABOVE THE BOAT!

IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO DRYDOCK THIS LITTLE TUB!

THE MIGHTY MAN, BY THOUGHT SUGGESTION, GROWS INTO A HUGE GIANT AND WITH EASE LIFTS THE STEAMBOAT OUT OF THE RIVER!

IT'S FUNNY HOW A THING CAN BE OVERDONE - BETCHA WHEN THE FIRST BOAT WAS SUNK YOU COULDN'T BREATHE FOR SPECTATORS - BUT NOW A MAN CAN WORK UNMOLESTED! THANKS GOODNESS!

WORK HE DID - WITH OLD LUMBER AND WITHOUT TOOLS HE SOON PATCHES UP THE STEAMBOAT!

NOW TO SEE IF SHE LEAKS!

SHE LOOKS ALL RIGHT FROM HERE - BUT WE'LL SEE WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAYS IN THE MORNING

THE MIGHTY MAN GROWS - THEN SHRINKS

THE CAPTAIN IS ALMOST FLOORED WITH ASTONISHMENT THE NEXT MORNING WHEN SHE SEES THE BESSIE FLOATING LIKE A CORK UPON THE RIVER!

MORNING CAP!

I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES WHEN I SAW THE BESSIE AFLOAT - WHO DID IT? HOW... WHY?

SHE SWAMPS THE MIGHTY MAN WITH QUESTIONS!

SEARCH ME, MAAM! I GUESS IT'S THAT MIRACLE YOU SPOKE OF!

- YOU'RE LYING - BUT I WON'T ARGUE WITH YOU! DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN GET SOME MEN, RIGHT QUICK?

HOW MANY MORE DO YOU NEED NOT COUNTING YOUR KID BROTHER AND MYSELF?

TEN OR TWELVE!

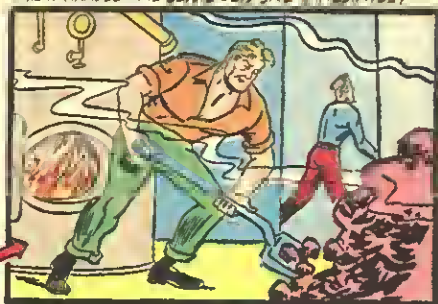
PATTY IS NO HELP AT ALL - WHILE YOU'RE GOING AFTER THE MEN I'LL TAKE HIM TO A DOC AND SEE WHY HE CAN'T TALK! I HOPE IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS!

A FEW HOURS LATER, THE MIGHTY MAN APPEARS WITH HALF A DOZEN WORKERS!

WILL WE BE ABLE TO OPERATE WITH THIS MANY? THERE APPEARS TO BE A SHORTAGE IN DECKHANDS!

WE MIGHT - TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T HIRE ONE MORE, THO! THE DOC COULDN'T EXPLAIN PATTY'S CONDITION! IF HE DOESN'T TALK BY TOMORROW I'M TO TAKE HIM BACK FOR ANOTHER CHECKUP!

SHORT-HANDED THE BESSIE SETS SAIL IMMEDIATELY



SOMETIME LATER WE FIND THE STEAMBOAT MILES UP THE RIVER PUSHING EMPTIES



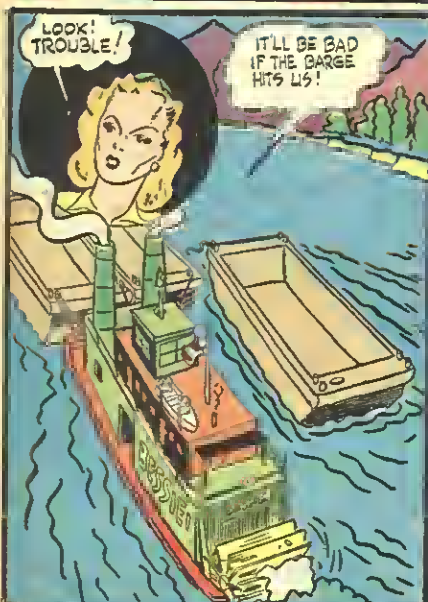
HOW'S TRICKS, CAP!

FINE! A FEW MORE MILES AND WE'LL GET SOME LOADED BARGES FOR PITTSBURGH!

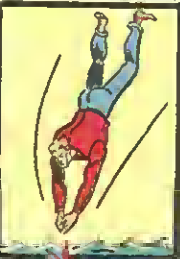


LOOK! TROUBLE!

IT'LL BE BAD IF THE BARGE HITS US!



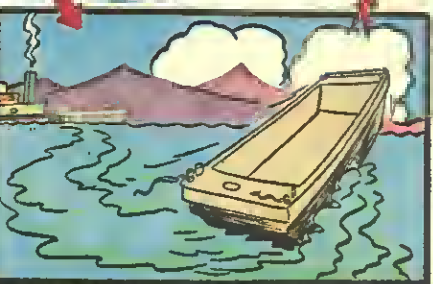
QUICK TO GRASP THE SITUATION THE MIGHTY MAN DIVES INTO THE RIVER



I'M NOT READY TO DISCLOSE MY IDENTITY, YET!



THE UNSEEN FORCE WAS THE MIGHTY MAN



A SECOND LATER, SOME UNSEEN FORCE PUSHES THE BARGE FAR UP STREAM BEFORE IT CAN CRASH INTO THE TUG!

ONE OF THE EMPTY BARGES HAD WORKED LOSE AND WAS GOING TO RAM THE STEAMBOAT

THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE GREETED THE MIGHTY MAN WHEN HE CAME TO THE SURFACE A MINUTE LATER.



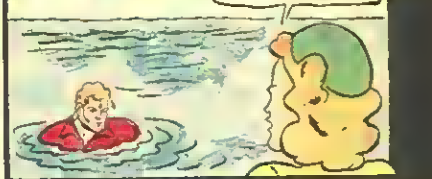
WELL I'LL BE --- I'M SURE MY REPAIR JOB WAS O.K.E.Y. I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED!

THE BESSIE HAD SUNK AGAIN!

FORTUNATELY THE RIVER WAS NOT DEEP HERE!

DO THE BARGE CRASH IT?

NO! IT WENT UNDER FOR NO REASON AT ALL - WHAT MADE YOU DIVE INTO THE WATER? THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT YOUR ACTIONS!



CHECKING FOR CASUALTIES THEY FIND THAT ONE OF THE MEN HAS A BROKEN LEG!

- I WANT ALL OF YOU TO GO WITH THE CAPTAIN - TAKE THIS MAN TO THE DOCTOR AND BRING ME THIS LIST OF SUPPLIES!

HUH!

JUST AS SOON AS THEY GET OUT OF SIGHT I'LL GO TO WORK!

YOU'D NEVER GUESS I WAS THE CAPTAIN OF THAT TUB!



FIRST, I'LL FIND OUT WHAT MADE HER SINK

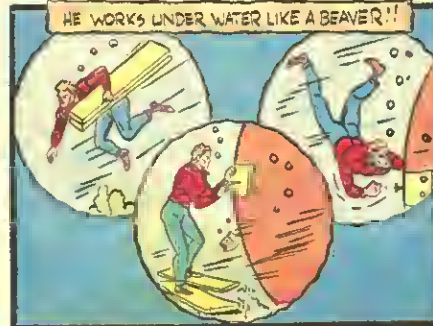


I'LL SOON FIX THIS



HE FINDS A LARGE HOLE

HE WORKS UNDER WATER LIKE A BEAVER!!

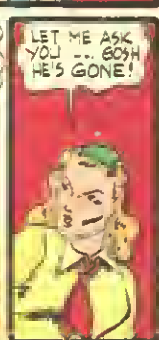
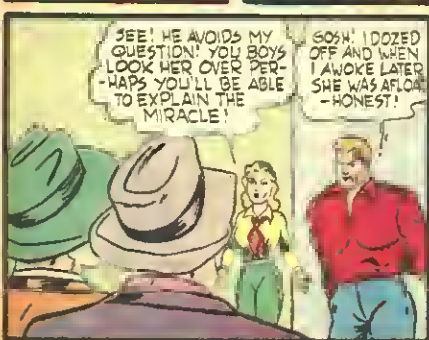
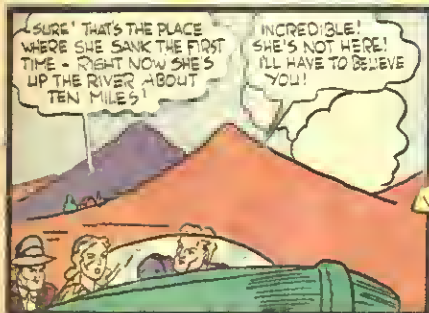
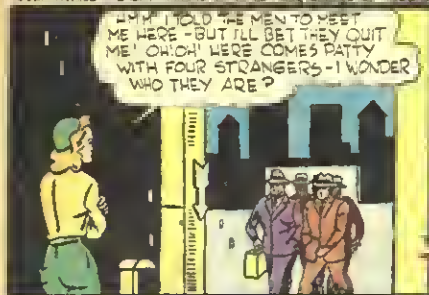


I'LL GET THE WATER OUT OF HER AND SHE'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW



DRAINING THE STEAMBOAT WAS A SIMPLE TASK FOR THE MIGHTY MAN!

MEANWHILE THE CAPTAIN IS HAVING HER SHARE OF TROUBLES

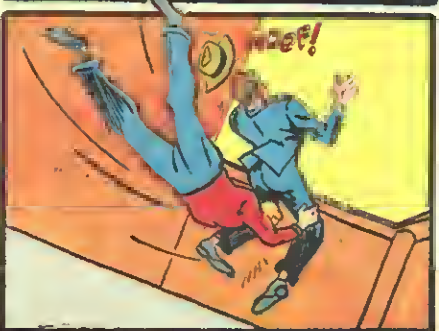
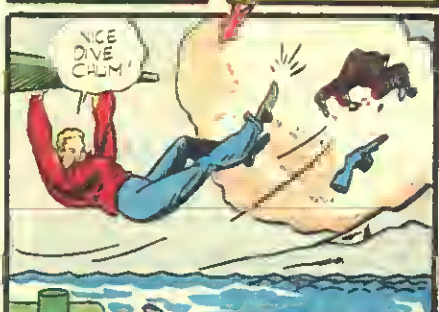
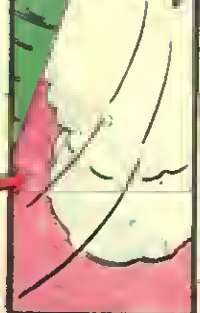
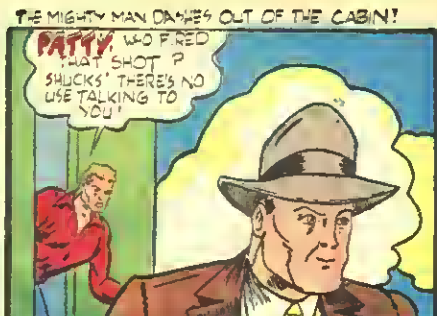


THE MIGHTY MAN HAD SHRUNK
AND DROPPED TO THE LIDAR DECK



CAUGHT OFF BALANCE THE
MIGHTY MAN FALLS







LOOK, PATTY'S GOING TO RESCUE THE MAN YOU KICKED INTO THE RIVER!

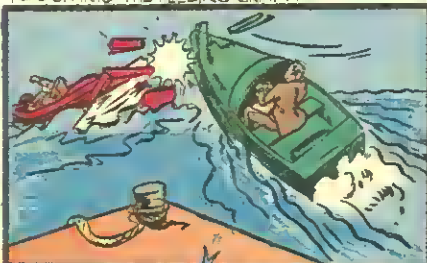


THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK - HE'S MAKING A GETAWAY!



I'LL CATCH HIM THO'

BUT THE MIGHTY MAN DOESN'T HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY - A SPEEDBOAT COMES OUT NOWHERE AND CRASHES HEADON INTO THE FLEEING CRAFT!



I HOPE I DON'T GET THERE TOO LATE!



WELL I'LL BE DOGGONE!



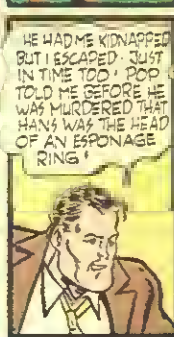
WHICH ONE OF THESE MEN IS YOUR BROTHER?

I DON'T KNOW! YOU... YOU... CAN GROW NOW I KNOW HOW YOU REPAIRED MY BOAT!

THE MIGHTY MAN CARRIES THE TWO MEN TO THE STEAM BOAT BESSIE!



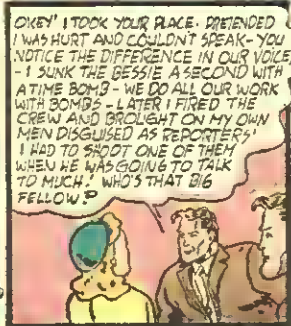
HIBA! DID THIS IS ME AND THE OTHER BIRD IS COUSIN HANS!



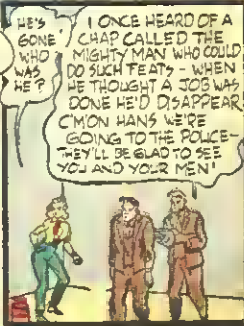
HE HAD ME KIDNAPPED BUT I ESCAPED. JUST IN TIME TOO! POP TOLD ME BEFORE HE WAS MURDERED THAT HANS WAS THE HEAD OF AN ESPIONAGE RING!



HANS KNEW THAT POP HAD ALL THE FACTS WRITTEN DOWN - SO AFTER POP'S DEATH HE TRIED TO SINK THE BESSIE - WHEN SHE DON'T CATCH AFIRE THEY DECIDED TO SEARCH HER FOR THE LETTER - I WAS KIDNAPPED THE VERY NIGHT THEY SUNK HER - HANS TOOK MY PLACE AND HE DID A GOOD JOB OF FOOLING US -- YOU TELL THE REST COUSIN



OKEY! I TOOK YOUR PLACE. PRETENDED I WAS HURT AND COULDN'T SPEAK - YOU NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE IN OUR VOICES - I SUNK THE BESSIE A SECOND WITH A TIME BOMB - WE DO ALL OUR WORK WITH BOMBS - LATER I FIRED THE CREW AND BROUGHT ON MY OWN MEN DISGUISED AS REPORTERS! I HAD TO SHOOT ONE OF THEM WHEN HE WAS GOING TO TALK TO MUCH! WHO'S THAT BIG FELLOW?



HE'S GONE WHO WAS HE? I ONCE HEARD OF A CHAP CALLED THE MIGHTY MAN WHO COULD DO SUCH FEATS - WHEN HE THOUGHT A JOB WAS DONE HE'D DISAPPEAR. CMON HANS WE'RE GOING TO THE POLICE - THEY'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU AND YOUR MEN!

WIN ONE OF THESE 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S

ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO

210 PRIZES GIVEN!

1st and 2nd PRIZE A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSE-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Ranch!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pikes Peak, Garden of the Gods, Then cowboy life on the Rancho—a mountain pack-trip—visit to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. SEE Fred Harman actually DRAW his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!!—What a contest!! Enter!

Portable HOME RECORDER RADIO PHONOGRAPH

5TH PRIZE RECORDIO JR.

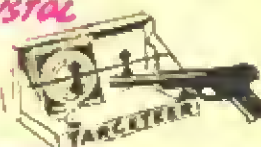
Win one of these 5 beautiful, amazing new RECORDIOS—the WONDER MACHINE of the 20th Century! Carry anywhere. Make home records of your voice, instrument, play back instantly. Use also as radio or phonograph! Makes records of your favorite radio programs. Complete with "mike" 6 blank recording discs. VALUE each . . . \$39.95



101 FOURTH PRIZES

DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL

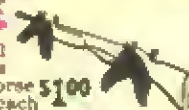
Win one of these 101 DAISY Targeteer Air Pistol Outfits with 800 Targeteer Shot, "Sinning Birds" Targets, 26 Target Cards. \$2.00 Back-stop. VALUE each:



100 FIFTH PRIZES

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Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, wooden cut-outs of Red Ryder's famous horse "THUNDER." VALUE each \$1.00



and The Fred Harman Award

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Saddle

CARBINE

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USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BEST FOR TARGET SHOOTING IN DAISYS, KINGS

BIG JUMBO TUBE 5¢

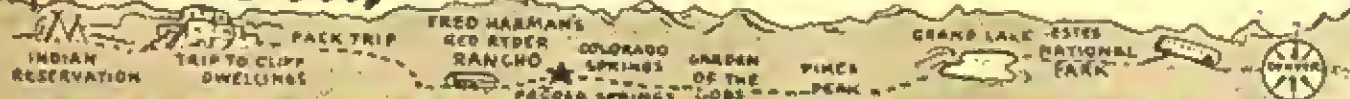
CONTEST RULES

(1) Each contestant must shoot an Official Target and complete THE SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . ." in 20 words or less. Sentence must be written in space provided on Official Target.
(2) Contest starts May 1, ends July 25. ALL Targets and completed SENTENCES must be returned to Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 25, 1941.
(3) Any air rifle using BB type shot may be used.
(4) Contestants may be of any age up to and including 16 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1941, and must be residents of the Continental United States.
(5) Official Targets only may be used and must be properly filled in and signed by an adult witness before being mailed to Daisy. Target will be furnished you free at your Daisy Dealers. If you write us direct for Free Official Target, enclose 3¢ stamp to cover our mailing-handling cost of sending Official Target to you.
(6) Contestants must submit only one Official S-Bull Target. They must shoot at each bull's eye 6 times. Each Target must record a total of 25 shots. If more than 25 shots appear on any one target, the 25 lowest count for score. These 25 shots must be shot

consecutively, one after the other, in 20 minutes.
(7) Standing position without artificial support must be used.
(8) Target must be 20 feet away from air rifle muzzle when shooting your Official Score.
(9) PRIZES will be awarded on the combined basis of Target score plus spiciness of thought in finishing the SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . ." in 20 words or less.
(10) Decision of the Judges will be final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of tie. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Daisy Manufacturing Company. Get Official Target for complete rules.
ENTER DAISY'S Rootin' Tootin' SHOOTIN' CONTEST now and shoot to win! Every boy in the U.S.A. has the opportunity to WIN one of those TWO FREE RANCH TRIPS—plus Fred Harman's own PERSONAL GIFT of Hand-Made Chaps—or one of 5 new portable RECORDIO JR. Home-Recorder-Keds in Phonograph Wonder Machines each worth \$39.95—or one of 101 Genuine Daisy Targeteer Pistol Targets—or one of 100 pairs of Horse-Head Gun Brackets! Think of the FUN you'll have shooting your Official Target! Tell your friends about this great DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST! If you haven't any air rifle

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET and ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS or Write Us!

Do this today—now! Official Contest Target contains all Rules, Instructions, and is also your Entry Blank. Go after one of those 210 BIG PRIZES! Hurry! Hurry!



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10 Elec. Cannon Salutes .20	5 Marble Flash Salutes .10
2 Sky Bombs (two shot) .10	2 Red Torch .10
5 Roman Candles (10 ball) .50	1 Sky Battle .10
5 Sky Rockets (stars) .50	1 Pkg. Lady Crackers .15
10 Niggerchoppers .10	1 Erupting Volcano .10
10 Grasshoppers .10	8 Buster Salutes .05
10 Penny Flash Salutes .10	1 Whistling Cyclone.. .10
5 Glittercracks .10	3 Giant Liberty Salutes .10
10 Bombshell Salutes .25	1 Ex. Lg. Whistling Hand Grenade .15
1 Whistling Tracer Bomb .15	2 Gyro Flyers .10
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